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The Provocations of Sir Anthony

"WHAT they are doing," observed Mr. Bevan after the Prime Minister's speech on Wednesday, "is to take the argument into the field of physical collision." And this is the solid fact which outweighs all the legalistic argument on either side in this week's Commons debate.

Sir Anthony's speech clearly showed that the attitude of the British and French governments towards Suez has not basically changed since world opinion checked their plans to invade Egypt six weeks ago. The act of nationalisation was illegal and intolerable (argue Sir Anthony and M. Mollet): Colonel Nasser must give way to western demands—voluntarily, if he can be persuaded to, by compulsion if he cannot: since public opinion has become squeamish about the direct application of force to secure imperial objectives, Anglo-French strategy is to be based on the provocation of a violent act by Egypt which might justify a war. It is this provocation which has been formally committed by the invitation to the pilots to quit the nationalised company and the simultaneous announcement that the "users' committee" intends to re-engage them and operate the Canal independently of Egypt.

Sir Anthony's justification of this astonishing act is the claim that by nationalising the company Colonel Nasser has "destroyed the balance" of the 1888 system and removed one of its essential guarantees. But this is rubbish—especially when it comes from a man who has refused even to discuss with Colonel Nasser the possibility of negotiating a new convention which could safeguard users' rights, but be based on ultimate Egyptian control. It is proved to be rubbish by Sir Anthony's own past action: for it was the agreement of 1954, under which, very properly, British troops finally evacuated the Canal Zone, which in fact made the administration of the Canal almost exclusively dependent on Egyptian good sense.

Behind the lack of logic and candour in Sir Anthony's attempt at legal justification lies a political reality which must be brought into the open. The British and French (with, apparently, full backing from the U.S.) are by implication stating a proposition which concerns every under-developed country. It is that where resources regarded by the western powers as vital to their continued military or economic supremacy are developed by western capital, the assets resulting may never be taken into the ownership and operating control of the nation in whose territory they lie. That proposition has no place in the mid-20th century. If accepted as the basis of western policy, it will permanently divide the Bandung powers from the West and ensure that Soviet aid and influence will fill the vacuum thus created. Nor would that consequence be much mitigated even if Colonel Nasser himself were now to fall or to submit.

If that were all, it would be full justification for the Labour vote of censure and for the last month's campaign of opposition to Sir Anthony's policy. But it is not all. To the government's tragic failure to understand the most important political factor in the modern world—the psychology of anti-colonialism—must be added the threat and the risk of war. It may be that Colonel Nasser will sooner or later lose his head and commit some rash act which can provide a fig-leaf of legality for armed intervention by the western powers. But when the first British or French soldier invades Egyptian soil the niceties of international law will not seem important to Egyptians—or to hundreds of millions of people in Asia and Africa (many of whom still sympathise with Britain's legitimate interests in the Canal).

Winning a battle against Egypt would not be difficult even though it might not be so easy as some of the "get tough" school imagine. But the victory thus quickly won would not be decisive. It would be the first battle in a war between the western powers and the rest of the world—a war which would go on and on and on—however spasmodically—and which in the longest run must end in the defeat of the West.

Comments on the Week's News

The Swing Against Eden

This week signs that public opinion has swung against the government have increased. A month ago, a *News Chronicle* Gallup Poll reported that 59 per cent. of those interviewed approved of the government's handling of the crisis, while a *Daily Express* poll put the figure at 58 per cent. On Monday, the *Express* announced that support for the government had dropped to 49 per cent., and that those declaring themselves "dissatisfied" had risen from 22 to 34 per cent. This week's *Chronicle* poll indicates a similar shift. Four-fifths now favour taking the dispute to the U.N., and a big majority (49 against 34) condemn the use of force. When asked if the government should encourage the Suez pilots to leave, 55 per cent. said no. In short, it is clear that most people now favour a negotiated settlement. The brief wave of chauvinism is over. All this, of course, could change overnight if an "incident" occurred in Suez. But public opinion would require to be satisfied that the incident was not provoked by Anglo-French action. People have begun to suspect Eden's peaceful intentions. The Suez Emergency Committee, formed by a group of Labour M.P.s to campaign against the war policy, has been drawing large working-class audiences all over the country. This Sunday it plans to hold a mass rally in Trafalgar Square. Three columns of marchers, starting fom Marble Arch, Mornington Crescent and Waterloo, will converge on the Square at 3 p.m.

Suez and Oil Economics

Although the issue of the Suez Canal dispute remains in doubt, recent moves by the big oil and shipping companies confirm the impression that, whatever happens, their plans to meet the increased demand for oil in western Europe will be based on an extension of the Cape route, rather than on the Suez and Middle Eastern land routes. Since the crisis broke, orders for the Onassis 100,000-ton tanker (to be built in America) and for two tankers in the 70,000-ton class have been confirmed; and on Monday an order for a 65,000-ton tanker was placed in an American shipyard. Equally significant is the announcement by British Petroleum that it will build a new terminal at Milford Haven capable of berthing tankers of 50,000 tons and over. This implies both that B.P. will enter the super-tanker class (its largest ships, at present, are of 32,000 tons), and that it foresees an increase in this traffic sufficient to justify the heavy capital investment (£5 million) required to finance the project. Since tankers in the 32,000-plus category cannot navigate the canal fully loaded, they have not yet been used on the European run; and, hitherto, it had not been planned to use them until the projects to enlarge and deepen the canal are completed in the period 1960-5. It now seems clear that European oil interests are preparing to use the Cape route, even though this will mean an increase of freight charges of around 25 per cent. Figures published last week show that U.K. oil consumption rose by 8.1 per cent. in the first six months of 1956. This was mainly accounted for by a huge rise in industrial fuel consumption which, for the first time, reached a greater volume than motor spirit. It is now provisionally estimated that by the late 1960s, even if all practicable projects to increase the volume of oil carried by the Suez and overland routes are carried out, some 70 million tons will have to be transported via the Cape. If present schemes to "double" the Suez Canal and lay new pipelines are abandoned (as now seems likely) 130 million tons will have to travel by the Cape route. The oil companies are now carrying out detailed investigations to discover to what extent Europe can become independent of Suez in the next decade; but their provisional findings indicate that the construction of sufficient super-tankers and, equally important, ocean terminals to handle them, raises such serious obstacles that Europe will inevitably be forced to rely on the traditional routes for the transport of its oil.

The Negro Goes to School

The outbreaks of mob violence which have marked the beginning of the school year in Kentucky, Tennessee and Texas have naturally drawn attention again to the school integration problem, now entering its third year from the desegregation ruling of the U.S. Supreme Court. The use of tanks and armed troops to escort Negro children to school is sensational; the deliberate attempt to stir up "neutral" opinion is despicable. In two cases, at least, the trouble has been promoted by racialist agitators from outside the communities concerned, but it seems that where the authorities are calm and determined the agitation can be successfully suppressed. Certainly, these outbursts should not be seen out of perspective. Integration in Tennessee has gone ahead, despite the nasty riot at Clinton; in Maryland, there has been trouble at Poolsville, but the rest of Montgomery county has been integrated quietly; and in Kentucky, the disorder at Sturgis contrasts with the integration of nine-tenths of the state schools. Some upheaval was to be expected in the Border states, where both the Negro population and racialist sentiment are unevenly distributed, and where the integration of school districts is being pressed. The real difference lies between the Border and the South. In the 17 states affected by the Supreme Court ruling, 300,000 Negro children now live in school districts where integration has been accepted, but 2,500,000 are still in segregated districts, and the majority of these are in the eight states of the South which have done nothing to advance integration. Some of them, indeed, are going ahead with special legislation to permit the closing of the public school system rather than admit Negro children on a non-segregated basis. This campaign is accompanied by an offensive against the National Association for the Advancement of Coloured People. In Louisiana and Alabama, the N.A.A.C.P. is now illegal; in Mississippi, Florida and South Carolina it is being "investigated"; and in Georgia, South Carolina and Alabama, teachers can be discharged if they "associate" with the N.A.A.C.P. or any similar group.

The Campaign Begins

Though the U.S. election campaign will be shorter this year than in the past, it is slow to get under way. Both parties have to complete their organisational plans, and campaign strategists and speech-writers have to plot out their plans for the next two months. This week, the President has held a rally for Republican leaders at his Gettysburg farm, and Mr. Stevenson has made his first speech to a nation-wide TV and radio audience. He had already started his attack on the Republican record in a Labour Day speech at Detroit, where he denounced the Administration's defence record as ill-considered and indecisive, and claimed that "prosperity" had not reached 24 million Americans in families with a yearly income of less than $1,500. The Democrats have been encouraged this week by the results of the Maine election. The swing to the Democrats was marked. Without the pull of Eisenhower at the head of the Republican ballot, a swing of this order would mean a clean sweep for the Democrats in November. In this case, as in 1952, it has much more significance for the congressional than for the presidential election.

Trouble in the Naga Hills

Although the Naga Hills, along the borders of India and Burma, were declared a "disturbed area" last January and have been under martial law since March, the disturbances were not given a full-length debate in the Lok Sabha until a fortnight ago. Then it was admitted that in the operations against the Nagas, 371 Nagas have been killed, whilst army casualties amount to 68 killed. The Naga areas have been among the most unsettled since Indian independence, and far too little attention has been given to their special problems. Indian administrators, it is often alleged, have behaved with the same kind of superciliousness or paternalism that the British showed towards people they regarded as picturesque savages. The truth is that the Nagas are well organised in their own tribal system, and have developed a strong political consciousness which bureaucrats cannot afford to overlook or misjudge. The sixth schedule of the Indian constitution granted the Nagas—as well as other hill districts—district autonomy. But from the beginning, the Nagas refused to work the district councils and their three seats in the Assam Legislature have remained vacant. After Prime Minister Nehru had visited the Naga Hills in 1953, he observed: "There is too much of a legalistic and bureaucratic approach to a problem which, above everything, requires a human approach and imagination. It is quite essential that these tribal people should be given the largest measure of local autonomy." Now the Indian Army has taken over. In the Lok Sabha debate, the socialist Naga member from Manipur—Mr. Rishang Keishing—appealed to the government to declare a general amnesty and hold talks with Naga national council, and with its leader Mr. Phizo. He said that he would make a similar appeal to the Naga leaders to settle the problem in a friendly atmosphere without demanding complete independence. The Congress member from Assam—Mrs. Khongmen—a representative of the tribal people, Mr. K. K. Basu, the Communist from West Bengal, and other speakers urged the government to start negotiations with the Naga people instead of standing on prestige. Mr. Nehru replied that he was prepared to start new negotiations with the Naga leaders, but that he must place two conditions on his interviews with the extremists: first he would not have them talk of independence—which all opinion in the Lok Sabha regards as absurd—and, secondly, they had to abjure violence.

New Deal in Pakistan

The ignoble and long overdue exit of the Muslim League from political life in West Pakistan has cleared the way for a coalition of Dr. Khan Sahib's Republican Party and Mr. H. S. Suhrawardy's Awami League. President Mirza invited Mr. Mohamed Ali to return as Prime Minister, but it would have been difficult for him to accept, since he had originally fought on the Muslim League ticket, and then been repudiated

by its few remaining members in the National Assembly. He has now resigned from the League. The President's next invitation to form a government was given to Mr. Suhrawardy, whose party had already gained power in East Pakistan. He has less following in West Pakistan and he is likely to make a coalition with Dr. Khan Sahib's Republican Party, formed last March partly as a protest against the political jobbery of the Muslim League. As a Muslim prime minister in Bengal before partition, Mr. Suhrawardy is already a well-known figure in Pakistan as well as in India. As Prime Minister of Pakistan, he can help to integrate East and West Pakistan, which have not only been geographically separated, but pulling in different political directions. But this is only another caretaker government, and the not altogether easy Awami League-Republican Party alliance will be in a much stronger position, and the country far more stable, if its leaders will now go ahead with Pakistan's first general election.

Nenni, Saragat and Unity

Serious difficulties have arisen in the negotiations between the Italian Socialist and Social-Democratic parties. The PSDI which, according to Signor Saragat, will remain in the Segni coalition for the present, appears to have made two main demands: that the PSI should formally endorse "Atlantic" policies in the field of foreign affairs, and that it should publicly repudiate its alliance with the Communists. The first of these demands can perhaps be met, since Signor Nenni considers that Nato is no longer of central importance. On the second there is great reluctance, among both the PSI militants and a section of the leadership, to do anything which would give the party an anti-Communist flavour. *Avanti*, the party organ, wrote last week: "We cannot agree to any radical break with the PCI. We do not insist on Communist participation in a future majority, but we are not, at the same time, willing to be a party to a policy of discrimination against them." It is argued that the PSDI's anti-Communism led to its heavy electoral losses in 1953, and that the PSI could easily meet a similar fate. Difficulties have also arisen over party affiliations with the trades unions. The PSI is unwilling to drop its connection with the Communist-dominated CGTI, and argues that if the PSDI were to dissolve its own federation, the UIL, and join the CGTI, the Socialists would be in a position to challenge the Communists for its leadership. Finally, there is the "joint minimum programme" which has been drawn up by the PSI, and which includes a marked anti-clerical element; the Social Democrats argue that this is the one thing certain to unite the Demochristians against them. Here, indeed, lies the crux of the difficulties: the PSDI regards reunification as a means to strengthen their hand in dealing with the Demochristians, whom they hope to draw further towards the left-centre; while Nenni sees it as a means to strengthen his hand in dealing with Togliatti. Despite this fundamental difference of outlook, however, both sides are anxious not to break off negotiations, and there is a general feeling that the main differences should be kept in "cold storage" until a genuine spirit of unity has had time to grow up. Reunification is clearly going to be a long business.

From Tyne to Clyde

Discussions were reopened this week between the Boilermakers' Society, representing the Clyde strikers, and the Clyde Shipbuilders' Association, and it is on the cards that a settlement will be reached in the near future. This is mainly a consequence of the settlement arrived at last week in the similar dispute on Tyneside—a settlement the terms of which have so far been kept secret by both sides. In both cases the demand has been, not for any advance on present earnings, but for the concession of a guaranteed minimum wage when and if earnings fall short. The employers at the outset rejected these claims absolutely, saying that the granting of them would leave the workers concerned free to slack on the job, or even to draw their minimum pay without doing any work at all. This seems somewhat far-fetched. Agreements for a guaranteed minimum wage to pieceworkers are common enough; and so are arrangements including some sort of guaranteed weekly wage. It is not obvious that such methods are inapplicable to shipyard work because of its pieceworking traditions, though it is, of course, a moot point at what level any guaranteed minimum should be set. If the Clyde employers are now prepared to come to terms there will be general relief; for the stoppage has already thrown out of work some thousands of workers who are not directly concerned, and threatens, if it continues, speedily to bring the Clyde shipyards, which are busy, to a standstill. It is still too soon to say that this danger is over; but the prospects do at any rate look a great deal better than they did.

London's Comprehensive Schools

The London County Council this week opened seven new comprehensive schools, with over 12,000 places for boys and girls at the secondary stage, as well as three other new schools, providing for nearly 2,000. Three of the new "comprehensives" are based on old grammar schools, and the three that are not comprehensive are intended to work in with existing grammar schools. The chairman of the L.C.C. Education Committee, Mr. Harold Shearman, in announcing these developments, added that the L.C.C. has 16 further new secondary schools, with another 11,000 places, under construction, in order to absorb the "bulge" of children now reaching the age of secondary education; and that another 19 are in various stages of planning and should be ready between next year and 1961. These would accommodate another 16,000 children. All this is part of a formidable programme which has already, with the schools just opened, brought the provision of new secondary places up to about 28,000. In addition over £3 million has been spent on modernising existing secondary schools. In view of the sharp controversy over the question of "comprehensive" schooling and of the Ministry's opposition to further absorption of grammar schools into comprehensives, the futures of the schools already open will be watched with deep attention by both supporters and critics. It seems to be agreed that the new schools have in the main been admirably designed and constructed, at costs ranging, for the comprehensives, from £662,000 (for 2,000 pupils) at Putney, to £279,000 (for 846 new places) at Parliament Hill. Of the seven new comprehensives, three are for boys, two for girls, and two (with 4,000 places) are mixed.

News from Our Own Correspondents

Moscow

New Course in Education

Our Moscow Correspondent writes: The changes introduced into school programmes this academic year are a victory for the doctors—and for the schoolchildren themselves who have, naturally, taken part with zest in the campaign to reduce homework, abolish most annual exams and simplify text-books. In this campaign, too, the press has played a more vigorous role in airing a real grievance than it has done over any other question of public concern lately, with the possible exception of its sustained championing of the cause of co-education. Yet it needed the authority of most of the leading medical workers of the Ukraine—always to the fore in educational matters—to force the Academy of Philological Sciences to publish the report of one of its committees on the effects on children's health of overwork at school.

According to this committee, pupils in the senior classes of secondary schools spend about five hours preparing for their lessons, and thus have a 10 to 12-hour working day. As a result nearly two-thirds of them lose up to three hours of normal sleep, which lowers their efficiency by 30 per cent. and, among other things, contributes to the fact that only one in ten middle and senior school pupils take part in regular sports or open-air exercise. The Ukrainian doctors spoke of "severe consequences to health . . . chronic exhaustion, frequent headaches, weakened memory and vision," adding that when at one Odessa school the teachers were given the homework that they had assigned pupils, it took the teachers six hours to do the work.

In response to much similar criticism a new experimental curriculum has been introduced this year in 500 secondary schools of the Russian Republic. Annual exams are being retained only at the end of the seventh and tenth years, new text-books in simpler language have been issued, and there has been a reduction of hours of history, geography and physics. The Academy's president has written, "The teacher should be made more responsible for the mastery of his subject and at the same time be allowed more freedom of action, greater initiative on the choice of methods and the allocation of hours."

These changes mark a new stage in Soviet education, the result of raising the period of compulsory school attendance from seven to ten years. In the past, the number of pupils attending secondary school was barely sufficient to ensure full use being made of higher educational and technical institutions; today, the pressure of would-be students is very great indeed—from seven to ten for each place available. The overwhelming majority of pupils completing secondary education now go straight into industry or agriculture.

To meet this new situation the Soviet authorities have taken three important steps. Retaining the principle that all citizens must be given a minimum equal education, they are placing greater emphasis on the practical side by introducing manual instruction in the third and fourth forms, training at workshops and on experimental plots in the fifth to seventh forms and lessons in the principles of production in senior forms. Experience has demonstrated that, where theoretical courses are combined with practical training in factory shops or on the farms, fatigue among pupils is less pronounced.

The second step was referred to by Khrushchev in his speech to young volunteers leaving

for Siberia last June. "The day is not far off," he said, "when institutions of higher learning will enrol their students through the factories, the building sites, the collective farms, the machine tractor stations and the state farms. . . . Today the best road to a higher education lies through the industrial establishments. . . ." This summer instructions went out to all entry examination boards at higher education establishments to give priority to those who have worked not less than two years at a factory, building site or collective farm, as well as to demobbed arm and navy men.

The third measure is intended to break down what *Pravda* recently admitted was a prejudice among secondary school pupils against physical labour. "Some who fail to enter college prefer to be supported for years by their parents awaiting an opportunity to get into some institute." The hero of the latest Soviet film, *Different Fates*, is a young man who goes straight from the end-of-school celebrations at Leningrad to the train that bears him to a Urals steel works, to return five or six years later with a diploma obtained through attending evening courses.

Sofia

Second Thoughts About Kostov

A Correspondent writes: For almost a year, a confused struggle has been going on inside the leadership of the Bulgarian Communist Party between the Stalinist faction, led by the former prime minister Vulko Chervenkov, and the "Bulgarian Titoists"—the supporters of the late Traicho Kostov, executed in 1949. Six months ago, it seemed that the Kostov group in the party had made a successful comeback. It was said that Kostov himself was innocent of the charges made against him; after several delays, Chervenkov himself was forced to surrender the premiership—and to do so at a meeting of the Sobranie attended by a Yugoslav parliamentary delegation led by Moshe Pijade; and Chervenkov's place was taken by Anton Yugov, who had served in the wartime resistance with Kostov and had fallen under a cloud at the time of Kostov's arrest.

Since April, however, the party bureaucracy has fought back, trying to obstruct the full rehabilitation of the Kostov "opposition". And Yugov himself has now declared, in an interview with the editor of the *Hindustan Standard*, that "whether Traicho Kostov will be completely rehabilitated, or whether only part of the accusations against him will be declared void, is a matter not yet discussed by the government because the commission of inquiry has not yet completed its work".

The attack on the Kostov group has been directed primarily against Vladimir Topencharov, the brother-in-law of Kostov, who had been released from prison soon after Stalin's death and made editor of *Fatherland Front*, Bulgaria's second newspaper, and also editor of the organ of the Union of Journalists. In January, Topencharov was awarded a state prize. But as he began to mobilise opinion for further "democratisation" he ran into trouble. On May 20, the official party newspaper denounced both Topencharov and his paper for "petty-bourgeois lack of discipline". It was said that he had undermined confidence in the regime, that his attitude was hostile to the party, and that his paper had "sinned against reality". The party hierachy, it seemed, was particularly enraged at the criticism of its bureaucratic methods, the exposure of shortcomings in agriculture, and the suggestion that the Bulgarian press was insincere and narrow-minded. The result was the dismissal of Topencharov, and a continuing campaign against the "anarchist" and "anti-party" ideas said to be held by the Kostovites. Similar attacks have been made against some Bulgarian writers, who have gone beyond the limits of "constructive" criticism. While "democratisation" had gone on since Stalin's death without much fuss or publicity—Sofia, in fact, had been given a trial run of Krushchev's "secret speech" last summer, when the Soviet leaders addressed a private meeting as they returned from Belgrade—the liberalisers have continually faced stubborn resistance from the "sectarian" diehards. Up to the beginning of this year, the "Moscow" group was losing ground rapidly. Members of the party "opposition" had been getting key jobs on party committees and in government. Now the "sectarians" are making a determined effort to stop things going too far and too fast.

Westminster

By Other Means . . .

"From the way the Opposition behaved," said Major Patrick Wall, the Conservative member for Haltemprice, "anyone would have thought that the Prime Minister had declared war on Egypt." I suspect that the Prime Minister himself thought that he had declared war on Egypt.

What had happened was this. When the Prime Minister rose on Wednesday, the House was crammed. For the first time in recent history it had even been crammed at Prayers by members who, no doubt, required guidance in the crisis but who also possibly wanted to make sure of seats. The seriousness of the Suez situation was enough to guarantee such an attendance but the interest was heightened by the apparent seriousness of the Prime Minister's personal position. Obsessed by the spectre of Chamberlain, he had taken a tough line, calling reserves to the colours and opening Cyprus to the French, in preparation for an invasion of the Canal Zone and even for the occupation of Egypt. By so doing, he had alarmed two prominent members of his own Cabinet, but had rallied to him the rank-and-file of his party in the Commons, including the anti-scuttle Suez group which at one time was threatening to rise against him.

On the other hand, he was no sooner fully committed to this tough line than he found himself, perhaps unexpectedly, opposed by the T.U.C., by more and more of the Labour Party and finally, it seemed, by President Eisenhower and the United States. In face of this opposition from Britain's dominant ally and from about half his own countrymen, could the Prime Minister persist with policies which probably would, and seemed intended to, result in war? It seemed unlikely. On the other hand, if he backed down, could he, in face of the wrath of his own back-benchers, maintain his position as Prime Minister of a Conservative Government for another week? It seemed impossible.

As he rose, those members who were not in his confidence expected him to try to escape from this dilemma by announcing perfunctorily that the dispute would be referred to the United Nations. This would have put him technically right with world opinion, including the T.U.C., and might also give Nasser time to provide, through some unguarded action, an occasion acceptable to world opinion for Franco-British intervention. Indeed, *The Times*, into whose leader columns the secrets of Eden's Cabinet seem now to leak with a persistence that raises eyebrows, had already suggested that this was what Eden would do. But Eden did no such thing. He opened with a quiet review of events before the House rose in August and of the measures which the government had then taken. He recalled that Hugh Gaitskell had seemed to support these measures during the debate of August 2 and boldly asserted that what was supported then should be supported again today. Then, still quietly but with absolute assurance, he announced that Britain, France and the United States intended to set up a Canal Users' Committee which would employ its own pilots to take its ships through the Canal, to co-ordinate traffic and receive dues from ships. If Nasser failed to co-operate with the Committee, the member nations would take other measures either through the United Nations *or by other means*.

This announcement was loudly cheered by government supporters but the Opposition at first received it in bewildered unbelief. Did he really mean that a new body, which had no standing under the United Nations Charter nor even under the Convention of 1888, intended to drive its ships through the canal without Nasser's agreement and without even paying their dues to him? Surely the United States, whose President had declared only the previous day that he did not intend to see the United Nations Charter flouted, could not possibly have agreed to this? Then, suddenly, incredulity was swallowed in an explosion of anger such as I have not seen in the House of Commons.

Eden seemed neither surprised nor put off by this explosion. But he was both surprised and put off by Hugh Gaitskell's speech which followed. Gaitskell began uncertainly. Perhaps he was too determined to justify his speech of August 2. But then he launched into a merciless exposure, not of Britain's case against Nasser, which was a good one, but of the government's handling of it, which had already lost us goodwill almost throughout the world, which might force India out of the Commonwealth, which was already disturbing Australia and Canada and which, even at that expense, would not get us our way over the Canal. Then, without qualification of any sort, he announced that the Opposition would not support the use of force outside the terms of the United Nations Charter, that nothing so far done by Nasser could justify the use of force, that interference with shipping as the result of the possible withdrawal of European pilots would not justify it in the future. He described the establishment of the Canal Users Committee, for other purposes than that of negotiation, as an act of provocation, and when he sat down he received from Labour the loudest ovation given to any speech for years. Both Eden and Selwyn Lloyd looked surprised and seriously put out. Perhaps they had been misled by the August 2 debate. Perhaps they had heard rumours that there was not unanimity in the T.U.C. Perhaps they have both become temporarily unbalanced under the strains of office. Whatever the reason, they both looked like men who felt that they had been badly let down.

However, they have achieved something. They may have lost what remained of Britain's moral prestige, shaken Australia and Canada, disturbed the United States and thrust out India, but they have united, probably for the first time in history and certainly for the first time in twenty-five years, the whole Parliamentary Labour Party on a serious issue of foreign affairs. Major Wall may have been right in saying that Eden had not declared war on Egypt—though I think that Major Wall was wrong. However that might be, Eden had made certain that the Opposition would declare war on him.

J. P. W. MALLALIEU

The Growing Crisis in Africa

While the attention of most people in Britain is focussed on Egypt and the Canal, Middle Eastern problems are making an increasingly sharp impact in other parts of Africa. In Algeria, the French are desperately hoping that the problem of Suez can be used to involve Britain in their war against Arab nationalism, and so relieve their struggling administration of some of the pressures to which it is subjected—pressures which, according to French official opinion, largely originate in Cairo. In the rest of the African continent, Moslem populations are beginning to look to President Nasser as a militant, if temporary, leader of Islam against the West. In the following two articles, Thomas Hodgkin, a noted authority on Africa who has recently spent two months travelling in Moslem Africa south of the Sahara, and Alexander Werth, who has just returned from a mission in Algeria, report on different aspects of the growing crisis in Africa.

Jitters in Algiers

ONE night, at the far end of the Boulevard Télemlit, high up on the hill above Algiers, I was having dinner in an open-air restaurant with my old friend Henri. The place was crowded with soldiers, most of them young *rappelés* from France, who seemed interested to be here, in this "other France" which looked, at first sight, so like Cannes or Nice. Below us, we could see the vast blocks of luxury flats of European Algiers, and, beyond them, the harbour with its troop transports and its thousands of lights, and in the distance a dim coastline. "That's Cap Matifou," said Henri. "That's where the danger zone starts. Can't go there by car any longer, even though it's only 30 miles out of Algiers."

The thing that struck me most from the moment I landed in Algiers at the beginning of August was the general sense of insecurity. Henri is a small French businessman, who was an airman in both world wars. Though nearly 60, he's as hard as nails, and might well rank as a French-Algerian diehard. Quite naturally, and without even much malice, he refers to Algerians invariably as *les ratons*—just as naturally as, only a few years ago, I used to hear the British in Egypt speak of the Wogs. Like every self-respecting Frenchman, Henri took part in the February 6 demonstration, when Mollet was pelted with rotten tomatoes, and promptly dropped Catroux and appointed Lacoste Governor-General. "Lacoste is a very good man," said Henri. "A very good man. He saved the situation in February. Catroux, *ce gâteux*, would have sold us out as quickly as his chum Mendès-France sold us out in Tunisia in '54. But let's face it: something has gone wrong in the last few months."

Henri's business normally takes him in his car all over Algeria.

> Until March (he said) one could travel about all over the place; I even went to Constantine and Batna and Biskra. But now—not on your life! A month ago, you could still safely travel to Oran from Algiers; now you might get through, or you might not. On the Algiers-Oran road, the other day the fellagas stopped a bus, took off all the Europeans and shot them; only one Frenchman, who was born here, and spoke Arab, and looked like a *raton*, got away with it. . . . The owner of the bus can't have paid ransom to the fellagas; the ransom paid by bus companies, Arab cafés and French farmers explains a lot. The system is general.

Clearly, "pacification" wasn't producing the required results. The insecurity was spreading all over the country, almost into the very heart of Algiers. A bomb blew up one night in the rue Auber, 100 yards from the Gouvernement-Général, though without killing anybody. A day or two later, a couple of policemen were shot by terrorists right in the centre of Algiers. A few nights after that, only a few minutes before the midnight curfew, Algiers was shaken by a terrific explosion; five houses were blown up in the Kasbah; officially it was said that a bomb, belonging to a secret arms dump, had gone off by mistake, and that there were 15 dead. The whole area was roped off and no independent inquiry was possible; but I met an Arab the next day who, with tears in his eyes, told me how hands and legs of small children were emerging from the wreckage, and how at least 150 people had been killed, and he said it was all the work of French counter-terrorists, of men of the Red Hand—"red with the blood of the enemies of France."

No doubt, if you walked down the main streets of European Algiers in the afternoon, you wouldn't think there was anything wrong. At the Coq Hardi and other fashionable cafés there are the usual crowds of smart young men and ravishingly handsome women sipping their pastis and their Coca-Cola—with armed and helmeted four-man patrols standing about the pavement, to make sure nothing happens to the Europeans. At night, most Europeans in Algiers do patrol duty, to relieve the soldiers and police; but, at the Gouvernement-Général, it was explained to me that the massive enrolment of the Europeans of Algeria in the armed forces was not encouraged. "For one thing," I was told, "it's important that the economic life of the country goes on as usual—as far as possible. And, secondly—let's face it—the Paris government isn't keen on special French North-African units; it thinks we French North Africans are a bunch of Fascists!"

Of course, the economic life of the country is *not* going on as usual. But the army—together with the ransom system—has helped. The 500,000 French soldiers in Algeria have just managed (and no more) to create zones of relative security here and there; in Algiers alone 4,000 soldiers are continuously patrolling the streets; the army, too, has helped the settlers to bring in their harvest this year. The army supervised the harvesting; the army protected the transport of grain; it was something. Without the army, no economic activity would have been possible at all. Yet everybody was beginning to realise in July and August that it couldn't go on like this for ever. France couldn't afford to keep 500,000 men in Algeria till the end of time, and if things went the way they were going these 500,000 wouldn't be enough, anyway. Lacoste's pacification was a dismal failure. They said so, almost openly, at the Gouvernement-Général, ten yards from Lacoste's own office.

> We *are* making concessions to the Algerians—600 of them were recently appointed to government posts. But some either refused them (for they are scared), or begged that no publicity be given to the appointments. Or else, we started distributing land—20 needy Algerian families were going to be settled on expropriated land near Oran. Believe it or not, they didn't *want* the land: they were too scared to accept any bounties from us!

And then there happened the miracle. The miracle was Nasser. At the Gouvernement-Général they desperately clutched at this straw. "If Britain and France invade Egypt and overthrow Nasser, it'll be the end of the war in Algeria!" they were crying. All the evil was coming from Cairo, from Cairo radio, and from Nasser's Algerian friends, Ben Bella and Ferhat Abbas. The *Echo d'Alger* fumed and raged over Nasser, day after day. "If Nasser goes, we'll come into our own again. *Vive l'Angleterre*!" I don't think, at heart, anybody really believed it, but it seemed the easy way out.

Sensible Frenchmen like my friend Henri weren't over-impressed by the Nasser argument. Since the nationalist orgy of last February they had done some hard thinking. No doubt, Henri hated and despised the *ratons*. "But it isn't our fault if they are what they are; not the fault of people like me. It's the fault of the *gros colons*. Although they're lazy and untrustworthy, I pay my Arab employees 25,000 and 30,000 francs a month. It's the *gros colons*, the Borgeauds and the Blanchettes who've exploited them—20 francs an hour!—and embittered them to the point of making them inhuman. It's the *gros colons* who've driven them into the arms of the fellagas. . . ." And Henry philosophised on how, in an under-developed country like Algeria ("and we did *not* develop it properly in the last 125 years"), the aid of a country like France could never prove sufficient. Often, in talking to Henri, I was made conscious of the "split personality" of the Algerian French. On the one hand, he thought that only a North-African Federation of all the three countries, and one helped, not only by France, but also by the U.N., and by America, could be of any use in the long run; but a moment later he would rage at the story he had heard that the Americans had, "through a Swiss bank", bought up large estates around Mostaganem.

Nasser proved, for a while, a good excuse for *immobilisme*. The idea of coming to an agreement with the rebels, the "Nasser stooges," seemed more outrageous than ever. At the Gouvernement-Général they sneered at the French Socialist congress and its motion in favour of a cease-fire. "You ask Lacoste what *he* thinks." And so Algeria continued to be ruled by a sort of Army-plus-Lacoste-plus-Administration dictatorship, while, on the native side, there was a complete political vacuum. Even the Algerian Assembly had not (since the revolt of the "stooges") been replaced by anything. On no level were there *any* Algerian "representatives." There was no opposition press, except for an occasional timid squeal from a group of French liberals at Oran, who said that, by courting the tomato-throwers, Lacoste had driven even reasonable Algerians like Ferhat Abbas into the arms of Cairo and the rebels. Apart from small Algerian sections of the Catholic and Force-Ouvrière trade union federations, with practically nothing but a few European members, trade unionism had been stamped out. A Force-Ouvrière official I saw fumed with rage at the mention of the I.C.F.T.U.—which had admitted the U.G.T.A. (Union Generale des Travailleurs Algériens)—and even talked of Moscow-Washington "collusion", the U.G.T.A. being composed of "former Commun-

ists of the C.G.T.", who had now been rendered respectable by the I.C.F.T.U. and the American Federation of Labor! But the French authorities did not recognise the U.G.T.A. (even though it had 100,000 members): It had been decapitated three times by the arrest of its successive sets of leaders.

And the French troops—what do they feel about it all? Those in the larger cities seem to have a fairly good time, and a few even look upon it as a bit of free tourism. Others think it a bore, and feel it's absurd to have to patrol round the apéritif-drinkers of the Coq Hardi. In the *bled* it's different. Many loathe it, and tell you with disgust of the horrors they have seen. Others, however, are infected by the savagery of some of the professional troops, particularly the Foreign Legion and the *paras*—with their lurid experience of Vietnam. The heat this year has been appalling, and to many it has been a physical, more even than a moral ordeal. I particularly remember a long talk with a *rappelé* lieutenant, who was dragged away from the doctor's thesis he was writing in Paris, and who was stationed with a handful of men on the Tunisian border, miles from anywhere, where they were expected to keep a watch on the arms smuggling from Tunisia and Libya. "There's scarcely any water in the place; for weeks it's been 120 in the shade (that is, if there *were* any shade), we haven't seen any fellagas, but we have to fight scorpions day and night; two of my men were stung, and had to be taken to hospital. Don't you believe that morale is good! And they keep on saying: 'If only we knew *why* we were here!'" The Algerians, including civilians, have suffered heavy losses; and losses among the French troops do not appear to have been very heavy: perhaps 200 or 300 a month. And now that the pacification myth is dead, they are beginning to ask more and more questions.

That pacification has failed is now openly admitted. Hence the promise of a new plan for Algeria. A plan of internal autonomy with an awful lot of strings, and one that will not be *negotiated*, but *granted*. And its author, M. Paye, is not one to inspire confidence in North Africans. When I was in Tunis in 1952 in the blessed days of M. de Hauteclocque, M. Paye was Director (i.e., Minister) of Education. He expelled Tunisian boys from secondary schools and had them arrested by the French police. He was about the best-hated man in Tunisia.

ALEXANDER WERTH

Nasser's Friends in Africa

"If we direct our attention to . . . the continent of Africa, I would say, without exaggeration, that we cannot, even if we wish to, in any way stand aside from the sanguinary and dreadful struggle now raging in the heart of Africa between 5 million whites and 200 million Africans."—(Gamal Abdel-Nasser: *The Philosophy of the Revolution.*)

THIS renewal of Egyptian interest in Africa, particularly Moslem Africa, and of African interest in Egypt, is an important fact. But it is a mistake to be too preoccupied with Egypt. What is happening in Moslem Africa today is the renewing of communications between all its constituent parts, and its 70 million inhabitants, from Dakar to the Red Sea and from Tunis to Chad. Six hundred years ago that remarkable traveller, theologian and diplomat, Ibn Battuta, could set out from his home in Morocco, cross the Sahara, and visit Timbuktu and Gao on the Niger—as he visited Arabia, Persia, India and the Far East—without serious hindrance, and without feeling that he was travelling beyond the limits of the Moslem world to which he belonged. He found the practices of Black Moslems odd in some respects, sometimes even shocking, but he recognised them as essentially fellow-Moslems. The decay of the trans-Saharan trade routes, and the colonial partition of Africa, weakened, but never entirely destroyed, the unity of Moslem Africa. A network of new frontiers was imposed. The colonial powers concerned—France, Britain and Spain—all sought, to a greater or less degree, to protect the peoples whom they ruled against the contagion of subversive ideas from across the frontiers, as energetically as they sought to protect them against yellow fever and smallpox. Now, in this period of general decolonisation, the frontiers are breaking down.

It is becoming increasingly easy for Moslem Africans to move about in the way in which Ibn Battuta moved, though at a much quicker pace. Young Sudanese, for instance, volunteer for the Algerian Army of Liberation. Moroccan patriots go out in lorries into the desert and organise branches of the Istiqlal in French Mauretania and Rio de Oro. Moslem students at the University of Dakar, in the journal, *Vers l'Islam*, ask: "Why does the Administration make desperate efforts to isolate Black Africa from North Africa, Egypt, Libya and the Sudanese Republic?" Wherever such efforts are still made, they are indeed desperate.

In this situation Cairo meets somewhat the same kind of need among Moslem Africans as 19th century Paris met among central and eastern Europeans. It serves as a rallying point for revolutionary nationalists and romantic exiles. This has been most evident, of course, in the case of the North African liberation movements and their leaders. But Nasser's Egypt provides a base, or a refuge, or a platform, for nationalist leaders from the remoter regions of Africa. Ould Babana, the former Mauretanian deputy, who supports Allal el-Fassi's demand for the inclusion of Mauretania in a Greater Morocco, was there this summer. So was Abdúllah Isa, prime minister of Somalia, on his way back from New York, where he had been putting the case for Somali unity to the United Nations. And M. Um Nyobe, secretary-general of the now illegal and underground *Union des Populations Camerounais*, which stands for the unification of French and British Cameroons, has found a temporary home for his party in Cairo.

"The people of Africa will continue to look up to us, who guard the northern gate of the continent," President Nasser remarks, a little complacently, in *The Philosophy of the Revolution*. Up to a point this is true. Egypt holds a number of strong cards. It has produced political philosophers—above all Sheikh Mohammad 'Abdu—whose ideas have influenced North African nationalists profoundly, and are beginning to be better known in Moslem Africa south of the Sahara.

In Al-Azhar it possesses a Moslem university which enjoys unrivalled prestige, where there are regularly a hundred or more students from French West Africa and a dozen or so Nigerians, absorbing the traditional learning, mastering classical Arabic, and acquiring—if they have not already acquired—an anti-colonial outlook. (Moslems, it must be remembered, care seriously about learning, to an extent incredible to the products of British public schools—so that former students of Al-Azhar are in a position to exercise a great deal of influence among their own communities.) In Egypt, modernist African Moslems, who are liable to feel themselves isolated and in opposition in their own countries—in Northern Nigeria or Chad—can find sympathy for their beliefs and their criticisms of the present state of Islam: their dislike of the spiritual-cum-political power enjoyed by holy men—*marabouts*, as the French call them—often with the support of the colonial administration; their rejection of the view that Islam implies an inferior status for women; their desire to reform traditional Koranic education; their demand for the transformation of the *hajj* from the glorified old folks' outing which it has tended to become into a serious international rally of the Moslem nations of the world. In matters of this kind Egypt appears on the side of the forces of progress and enlightenment, while Britain, and even more France, seem on the side of obscurantism and reaction.

There are, however, definite limits to the spread of Egyptian influence in Moslem Africa. Naturally the older generation, Moslem traditionalists, the conservative-minded, tend to disapprove of modern Egypt—for has not Nasser's government abolished the Sharia Courts, and do not Egyptian films depict Moslem women exposing their bodies in unseemly ways? But the young, Moslem reformers, radical students, are critical too, for different and more serious reasons. Democracy, *dimoukratiyya*, is a powerful word throughout Moslem Africa, though the meaning varies. (The political ideas of the Moroccan Army of Liberation were described to me as a blend of Proudhon and the Levellers.) None of those who refer to themselves as "democrats," north or south of the Sahara, like Nasser's form of dictatorship, even if they are prepared to grant that it may well be the best form of government that Egypt is capable of producing at the moment. The average member of the Istiqlal in Morocco or Sudanese trade unionist is well aware that the liberties which he enjoys do not exist in Egypt. And it is no good denying that a certain racial antagonism enters into relations between Arab Africans and Negro Africans, which the ties of Islam cannot entirely remove. I was surprised by the strength of feeling with which Moslem intellectuals in the French Sudan and Northern Nigeria, most of whom had travelled in the Middle East, criticised "Arab racialism"—even though they agreed that in the present situation European racialism is a more acute and deadly form of the same disease.

Various new centres of force are emerging in the Moslem and partly Islamised regions of Africa. Egypt is one such centre; and Egypt has a short start. But it is not at all clear that in, say, ten years' time, Egypt will count more in African and world affairs than the new groupings of states which are beginning to assert themselves in the Moghreb or in West Africa. Egypt's present influence turns largely on its ability at the same time to express the anti-colonial sentiments now sweeping most of Africa, and to appear as the defender of Islam. Of these two unifying principles the first is much the more important. Bandung is a more powerful symbol than the Koran. But where, as over Algeria or Suez, hostility to the West is reinforced by the sense of Moslem brotherhood, and European politicians intent on self-destruction permit Egypt to play this dual role, it can be played with great effect. One certain consequence of British and French military operations against Egypt would be a crop of anti-colonial wars and national revolutions, with all the emotional appeal of a *jihad*, throughout Moslem Africa.

THOMAS HODGKIN

London Diary

DE-INTERNATIONALISATION, Sir Anthony? Of course the Canal ought to be internationally controlled, and the argument during the last month ought to have turned on the right method of operating "narrow waterways," including the Panama, Dardanelles and Gibraltar as well as the Suez. This basic issue has been so far neglected because of the British and French threat of force; the issue became war or negotiation instead of the proper means of control. I must add that though the Canal Company was in a sense international and kept the Canal open (except in time of war, when it suited us to shut it), it was not the kind of internationalism which you could expect any excited, nationally-conscious state to accept on its own territory. It sounds fine to us to talk of an international company controlling the Canal, but to Egypt and to other countries east of Suez it is merely an example of intelligent co-operation between big powers for their own benefit. It worked well in a world run by the big powers, but was bound to be upset as soon as Egypt got rid of the sort of regime that we have so long been accustomed to control.

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Is the Suez a "matter of life and death" to us? The country whose existence is threatened by a Middle East dispute is Israel, and her leaders on this occasion have kept a prudent silence. They do not want war, even though it might overthrow Nasser; they know that in the long run their future depends on being a Middle Eastern country and not what the Arabs declare them to be, an outpost of Western imperialism. What they do care about is that any settlement should genuinely exclude discrimination in the Canal. And against Israel there has long been flagrant discrimination, about which the French and British made no serious complaint until there was a danger of interference with their own shipping. If I were an Israeli I should see nothing but hypocrisy in citations in some extremely anti-Israeli papers of discrimination against Israeli ships as a proof of Nasser's unfitness to control the Canal. The legal argument that Egypt put up is really hardly worth discussing; even if the provisions of the 1888 Convention were less explicit about non-discrimination in time of war, Egypt's argument about its ultimate right of self-preservation against an enemy state would be ruled out by the fact that the Arab States did not declare war in 1948 and are not technically at war with Israel now. Israelis will not have failed to notice that in his offer this week Nasser promised not only to renew the Convention but to operate the Canal "without any discrimination or any exploitation whatsoever"—that, if he means what he says, means that the Canal would be opened to Israel.

* * *

Among the many changes that have recently taken place in the *News Chronicle*—the flood began with the departure of Vicky—none will cause so much surprise and regret as the resignation of Ritchie Calder. He was first employed in Bouverie Street as long ago as 1926, and for the last 11 years he has been Science Editor of the *News Chronicle*. His assistant, Hugh McLeave, is also resigning to join the staff of the new weekly which Percy Cudlipp is to edit. Its title is, significantly, the *New Scientist*. Ritchie Calder's resignation is not, I gather, the result of any "row", but just another sign that the popular daily papers seem increasingly indisposed to deal seriously with the fascinating but difficult advances of science. Calder is not himself joining any other newspaper or periodical. He has more than he can cope with as a broadcaster, author and staff contributor to the *N.S. & N.* Many readers will be glad to know that Calder will now have more time to give to writing and arranging scientific articles for this journal.

* * *

I am glad to see that the American fortnightly, *The Reporter*, is now to be distributed in England. It is always well written and usually has something fresh to say about American politics. When Max Ascoli started this magazine seven years ago his idea was to produce a liberal paper which was topical without being tied to the week's news. Because the United States is large, it is very difficult to produce a weekly which can be read simultaneously in New York, California and Idaho and which is yet reasonably up to date. It is in fact impossible unless the paper is backed by a vast, rich, publishing organisation. A fortnightly is better placed. But, you may ask, will readers remember whether it is this week or next the paper comes out, or be left wondering whether the issue they see on the news-stand is the one they read last week? The answer is that this is not very important in the United States, where magazines rely much more on direct annual subscriptions than is the case here. Actually, this odd publishing interval will help Ascoli's enterprise in London; to send a glossy magazine of this kind across the Atlantic by air would be hopelessly uneconomic, but with the help of fast Cunard ships, *The Reporter* can be on sale in London only a day or two after it appears in New York.

* * *

"I hate people who introduce me to strangers as 'the famous cricketer'," C. B. Fry once said to a friend of mine. "They ought to say 'the minor poet'." In fact, Fry neither hated nor regretted anything. He enjoyed his failures—after his defeat at Oxford in a Parliamentary by-election he said: "I'd rather be happy than successful," and meant it. Yet he revelled in his successes—"Old so-and-so was a brilliant fellow. He won the Newdigate at Oxford the only time I did not win it myself". He was proud of his First in Mods, proud of his work with the League of Nations, proud of his educational record at the training ship Mercury; and talked about them, and about anything else, wittily and ceaselessly, his restless eyes darting this way and that, as though to catch all the facets of his many-sided life as they danced before him. When his active sporting days were over, he did not seek to emulate the public achievements of his Oxford contemporaries, John Simon and F. E. Smith. But I am certain that he himself was happier, and gave more pleasure—and much less pain—to others, than either of these victors in the race for glittering prizes.

* * *

I think we have had more than our fair B.B.C. allowance of sunshine on the South Downs. Anyway, in our neighbourhood most of the harvest, which is surprisingly good and heavy-eared, has by now been brought home safely. The great scarlet juggernauts that swoop round the fields are, visually, a poor substitute for the loaded wagons, the splendid, patient horses and the crowd of sweating harvest hands that only a few years ago seemed to belong to the eternal order of things. But they are very efficient. The neat, dull, little lozenges that stud the landscape are soon swept away; in other fields the combine has passed by, cutting and threshing at the same time, but leaving only thin lines of straw which the farmers tell me will probably be burned as not worth collecting. Near to us a field of oats has been left to remind us of the old days; they stand out in stooks just as they did when we played by them as children. Across the valley the ground is softer and less well drained. A farmer there told me with pride that he had got all his wheat in and was stacking it to be threshed at convenience, and he had done well to choose this way because the ground was too wet to get the combines on to it. He was up a ladder tying up his seventh stack of wheat. It was a tricky job, he said, because if you didn't get the balance right the whole thing topples over. *That* one was all right, he said, pointing to a stack that was propped up on one side. "It's only got one leg. We always say that one leg is all right. If you have to have two, it will walk away."

* * *

One thing about this autumn I never expect to see again. The great July gale turned one side of the hedges almost black as if they had been burned. Meanwhile the other side has been gradually changing from green to an autumnal brown. And now on the burned side young green leaves are appearing as if it were April. So the hedges that were green on one side and almost black on the other are now brown on one side and black and bright green on the other. And inside the garden young lilac trees, which had been stripped quite bare by the wind, have budded again. They are gay with young yellow-green leaves, so that one unconsciously calculates how many weeks it will be before the white, purple and mauve blossoms begin to show.

* * *

Beatrice Webb's use of the royal (or editorial) "we" to include herself and Sidney, was a delight to all her friends. None of the examples I cherish are as good as one quoted by Bertrand Russell in his new volume of essays, *Portraits From Memory*. Beatrice used to fast at breakfast. Once when they were staying in a hotel in Normandy with Bertrand Russell, she sent down a message by the maid: "We do not have butter for Sidney's breakfast."

CRITIC

This England

Prizes: £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed. Paste entries on a postcard.

The Rev. Donald Macdonald, Free Church minister at Arderseir, 12 miles from Inverness, yesterday attributed the growing lack of respect being shown for the Sunday as the reason for the bad summer which the country has been experiencing.—*The Glasgow Herald.* (John A. Fraser.)

Notice outside the headquarters of the Seventh Day Adventists in Regent Street, London: *Location of Hell Discovered. Welcome.—News Chronicle.* (S. W. Holdich.)

The trouble was that people were so litter-conscious that when they saw litter-bins, they used them. Before the bins were put there, there had been scarcely any rubbish at all!

Mr. W. F. Harris remarked that it might be a good plan to withdraw the bins for a time and see whether the place was untidy without them.—*Maidenhead Advertiser.* (Frank Dale.)

Sergeant Warders required by Cyprus Government for prison and detention camp duties for one year in the first instance with prospect of renewal. —*Evening Standard* (C. J. Harrison.)

In the final analysis, any one who cannot repeat the Nicene Creed with conviction is *potentially* a disciple of Soviet Communism.—*Glasgow Observer.* (Philip Stein.)

La Gauche, C'est Moi

FRANK COUSINS believes in Frank Cousins. No one who talks to this pleasantly approachable man is left in any doubt of that. Seldom can egoism have been more open or more disarming. But whenever Frank Cousins talks of his aims and ambitions, which he does freely, he hastens to add that he is only of importance because of the organisation which he represents. As general secretary of the largest union in the country, Frank Cousins equals 1,300,000 workers and he seems vividly aware of every one of them. His whole success as a trade union organiser—first as a district officer of the T. & G.W.U. in 1938, then as a national officer of the Road Haulage Group of the union, then as national secretary of the Group—was built on a capacity to identify himself in a very personal way with the individual members whose work and hardships he had himself shared on the way up.

This experience made him a "militant," always ready to call a strike to better the conditions of what he considered one of the most harshly exploited sections of workers. So passionately did he feel their wrongs that, when their interests were at stake, he was no respecter of persons or of governments. It was this which brought him into bitter conflict with Arthur Deakin. Their quarrel reached its peak in January, 1947, when a big unofficial stoppage among the London lorry drivers embarrassed the Labour government. Cousins did not trouble to hide his sympathy for their demands for better conditions and, as a result of his efforts, the union executive finally agreed to meet a conference of unofficial strikers—an unprecedented step in Deakin's union. Deakin never forgave and the lorry drivers never forgot.

Yet, although Frank Cousins is one of the ablest men in the trade union movement today, he is also the luckiest. His energy and his militancy would not have brought him at the age of 51 the prize which he has coveted for nearly 20 years if it had not been for a series of flukes. When Arthur Deakin died in 1955, Cousins as a national secretary was still comparatively unknown outside his own section. In the election for Deakin's successor he polled only 75,000 votes, beaten not only by Jock Tiffin but by Charles Brandon, who had the support of the powerful No. 1 (London and Home Counties) Region, and of the Communists. The first fluke was that Brandon decided not to stand for the assistant secretaryship, an appointment made by the union executive. Cousins' only opponent was Nicholas, a Deakin man. So thoroughly had the blustering Deakin humiliated and alienated a number of his executive colleagues that they passed over the loyalist for the rebel. So Cousins became deputy to a sick man. Within a few weeks Tiffin was in hospital and Cousins became acting general secretary. It was not very long before the word spread through the branches that Cousins was "different." The result was that on Tiffin's death Brandon decided not to run again, and Cousins "walked" the election with 500,000 votes, the highest vote ever polled in any election for union office.

Perhaps it is the suddenness of his rise which explains the freshness he brings to the job, an almost naive enthusiasm and self-confidence. For him militancy has paid nothing but dividends. He has not had time to lose contact with the rank-and-file or with his own grass roots. The son of a miner, he himself went down the pits at the age of 14. In his own home he learned to detest the system of society which he has vowed to change because, as he once remarked, "I saw what it did to my father." He got his chance to escape from the pits when he was offered the job of driving a lorry which distributed the miners' concessionary coal, and so his career in road haulage began. A keen union man from the outset, he was made a probationary officer in less that two years. Even his enemies admit he was one of the best organisers the union has ever had, building up the road haulage section out of nothing, more than trebling its membership. Perhaps he can be forgiven, therefore, for being so quietly sure that he deserves his success, for his refusal to see anything wrong with the structure of a union which brought him to the top. He has no patience with left-wing critics who attack the Transport and General Workers' Union as undemocratic. "It is nonsense to suggest," he once said, "that when I hold up a card for one million votes I represent nobody but myself. How many people does a constituency party delegate represent when he holds up a card?"

Where does he intend to lead? Despite his absorption with industrial work, Cousins is a highly political trade unionist. The significance of his speech at Brighton was not that he denounced wage restraint. As one right-wing member of the General Council remarked sourly afterwards: "There hasn't been any, anyway." It was that he made a political attack on the government, calling for a planned economy and throwing in a demand for an armaments cut for good measure. What was important to Cousins was not only that the T.U.C. should reject wage restraint, but that it should do it in his terms. He saw to it that the resolution selected on this subject was his own resolution and he spoke to it from the floor as a union delegate. Before the debate he warned the spokesman for the General Council, Mr. Heywood, that if he crabbed the case, he, Cousins, would attack him from the rostrum; and there is little doubt that he would have carried out his threat. He played an important part, too, in the long struggle which took place behind the scenes on the Suez resolution, backing Alan Birch of U.S.D.A.W. in his stand against the attempt by certain members of the General Council to line up Congress behind Eden's policy of using force. In declaring war on the government's domestic and foreign policy, Cousins has also declared war on the "Tories" in the T.U.C. and it is not surprising, therefore, that he has made some implacable enemies who are vowing to "reduce him to size."

In this situation he is out to minimise his risks. Although militant politically as well as industrially, no one nowadays accuses him of being a fellow traveller. On the contrary it has been one of his outstanding characteristics that he prefers to travel alone. He has always refused to be associated with any particular group and he has an almost pathological fear of being "labelled". That is why, although he has a healthy contempt for some of the old-maidenish fears of certain of his right-wing colleagues who look for Communists "under the bed", he has steadfastly rejected any organised contact with the Communists. He supported Deakin's successful bid to bar Communists from office in the union, and only last July he took the lead in its Rules Revision Conference against the rescinding of the bar. In the same way, although he has frightened the old

Goodness, Frank's driving on the Left! What would Arthur have said?

guard of the T.U.C. by announcing that his union is to send a delegation to Russia, his union voted at Brighton against the annual attempt of the Left to get closer organisational contacts with the trade unions of Communist countries. As for Bevanism, his sympathy for many of the policies for which Bevan stands has not prevented him from backing George Brown for the Labour Party treasurership and he justifies this action by the accusation that Bevan is anti-union. Having dismissed these obvious allies as liabilities, he is left with Frank Cousins and his 1,300,000 membership. "La gauche, c'est moi."

What Cousins is doing, therefore, whether consciously or not, is to make himself the rallying point for a new "third force" in the Labour movement which, turning its back on the old divisions and the old alliances, will inspire a more vigorous attack on Conservative government. So far his success has been remarkable. His speech at Brighton was like a tonic to the disillusioned rank and file who are in no mood at this stage to query such fraternal dictatorship, above all when it is accompanied by such accessibility. They were charmed when the "man of the hour" turned up in the lounges of their modest hotels to have a drink and a chat with them. The small unions were flattered by the friendliness with which he sought them out, promising to fight their battles as well as his own. Deakin's juggernaut had become an omnibus. Cousins' personality has made almost as much impact as his views—the quiet voice, the lack of "side," the simple tastes, the almost boyish eagerness for praise. All this is new at the top in trade union politics.

But the real test of Cousins' ability and character has yet to come. More than any important trade union leader to-day, he has given the impression that he is trying to work out an industrial strategy based on a coherent political philosophy. But the design is not yet clear and precise. He seems to be feeling his way towards a synthesis between the short-term and sectional demands for his members which any active trade union leader must advance and his political views as a Socialist. This is one of the explanations of the B.M.C. strike, which was fought not in a sellers' market for higher wages, but in a buyers' market for a principle—the principle of consultation and of trade union status. He took a calculated risk which many people would have been afraid to take, but he did not do it without some aces up his sleeve. He relied on the trade union solidarity of dockers, road transport workers and railwaymen to close the employers' escape route—and he won.

The effect of this has been to give a lesson in trade union values to the unskilled and semi-skilled workers who proved such a weak link in the strike and who, with the break in full employment, are tasting their first real sense of insecurity since 1939. Cousins is no deep abstract thinker; he makes all his deductions from his own experience; he is influenced by what has happened to *him*. A man who rose to power fighting the battles of lorry drivers can never be a syndicalist, willing to make private bargains with the employers to share the swag of automation and technical advance with the workers in a few highly advanced and privileged industries. He must seek to spread out the gains among the weaker brethren, many of whom can only be put in a stronger bargaining position by state intervention and by public ownership. It is this which gives him his political significance. It remains to be seen whether he has himself realised where it will lead him or what allies he will need.

The Secret of the Kugel

In our family the Friday night dinner is a splendid thing. Kugel—a pie made of noodles, eggs, fat, and condiments—does much to enhance this event.

My father, who back in 1920 ran a tailor shop on the Main Street in Montreal, could well afford all the dishes essential to a truly festive Sabbath. But my mother could not bake a decent kugel. She was our disgrace. And, often, when we were all seated around the dining-room table my father would tug at his beard and say: "So she's good to her children. So she comes from a fine family. But a Jewish mother who can't bake a kugel—this is unheard of." And so we thanked God for Aunt Fanny. All of us, that is, except myself. I remained loyal to my mother.

Aunt Fanny lived on Drollet Street, some distance from our home. She was, simultaneously, the family joke and the family love. The family joke, because she was an old maid. The family love, because, if not for her, what would we Feldmans—orthodox, God-fearing Jews for generations—do for kugel on Friday nights? And Aunt Fanny made a terrific kugel. She was a tremendously active woman, plump, and good-hearted. My mother always said that she would be a "real catch" for any man in his proper senses. However, men had a habit of shying away from Aunt Fanny. And all my mother's efforts to arrange a match ended disastrously. Aunt Fanny, on the other hand, was philosophical about it all. "How old," she often said, "was Sarah when she married Abraham? That's all I ask."

I remember one Friday evening in particular. When we got home from the synagogue, Aunt Fanny was hustling about the kitchen as usual. The basket in which she had brought the kugel and other delicacies lay empty on a dining-room chair. My father was the first to enter the kitchen. He wished the women a happy Sabbath, and said: "Fanny, I married a woman with lame hands." Then he opened the oven and sampled the kugel. "This one is a record, Fanny. This kugel is perfect." Aunt Fanny, thrilled and blushing, pushed my father away. "Go, go, Nathan," she said. "You are worse than the children."

My brothers and sister all rushed up to kiss Aunt Fanny. I, alone, remained aloof. "What do I care if my mother can't bake kugel?" I said.

"He's only a child," my mother said quickly.

Once seated at the table we all gorged ourselves on kugel. After dinner my father, as was his habit, turned to teasing his sister-in-law. "Fanny, why don't you marry Abe the drunkard?" he asked. "One bottle of schnapps, and you'll have a man in the bag." Aunt Fanny shrugged her shoulders. My mother turned irately to my father. "And who keeps the wine shops in business if not your brother Itzik? One drunkard in the family is enough."

"God made Woman beautiful and then He gave her a tongue and spoiled everything."

"God made Man and Man makes wars," my mother said.

"So," my father said sternly. "So, and who gave who the apple, may I ask?"

My mother got up. "I'm going to wash the dishes," she said. Aunt Fanny, looking at the clock, got up as well. But slowly, as though it was painful for her to tear herself away from the family. My father nodded his head to and fro sadly. "Fanny, what are we going to do? Such a kugel-baker, and no man of her own." He laughed. "Come, good woman," he said. "I'll take you home."

Before she left, Aunt Fanny asked all of us for our verdict on this week's kugel. My brothers and sisters smiled happily, but I kept my distance. Aunt Fanny looked at me imploringly, and I realised—with a certain cunning particular to a cocky youngster—that I was causing her pain. My father took Aunt Fanny by the arm. "Never mind," he said. "He is young. He will learn."

And so time passed. Every Friday evening Aunt Fanny arrived with her wonderful basket, my father teased her, and we continued to bloat ourselves on her kugel. Until one Friday I discovered Aunt Fanny's secret.

One lovely spring afternoon I walked down to Drollet Street to visit my friend Muttel Greenberg. Muttel wanted to be a scientist when he grew up. We used to have a lot of fun playing with his chemistry set. Together we mixed all kinds of secret explosives with which we were going to blow up Bancroft School, the St. Urbain Street Wildcats, and Miss Bergman the piano teacher. Our most successful effort was the Feldman-Greenberg Stinkbomb, which had got us both expelled from Bancroft School for a week.

After we had been mixing various explosives for an hour or so I suddenly turned to Muttel and asked him if he knew my Aunt Fanny, who lived only a few doors away from him and cooked the best kugel in Montreal. Muttel laughed like crazy. "Tell me another one," he said. "Your Aunt Fanny couldn't boil an egg even. She gets all her kugel from Mrs. Miller's Bakery."

I was amazed. I told Muttel he was crazy. But secretly I hoped that it was true. For that would give me the chance to prove that Aunt Fanny wasn't the big-shot kugel-baker everyone thought she was. Muttel said that I could come to see for myself. So fifteen minutes later we were both hiding in the alley opposite Mrs. Miller's Bakery. The sign in Mrs. Miller's window read:

"MRS. MILLER'S KOSHER BAKERY
Kugel is our Speciality"

I arrived late at the synagogue, but my father didn't scold me. Instead, he seemed quite concerned. He felt my forehead. He said my face was flushed. But I assured him that everything was fine. And, laughing, my father said: "Soon you'll have some of Aunt Fanny's kugel. That'll fix you. That would fix anything."

When we got home my father, as usual, wished the women a happy Sabbath and then opened the oven to sample the kugel. "Such a kugel," he said. "My sister-in-law is a magician." Aunt Fanny blushed. And just then, before my father shut the oven, I said: "And now *I'm* going to sample the kugel."

"So Israel is such a man already," my mother said. "His father's word isn't good enough for him." Aunt Fanny, mistaking my cunning for newly-won affection, blushed happily. I tasted the kugel and then tasted it again, pausing dramatically. And then I said: "Yes, the kugel is perfect. It's almost as good as Mrs. Miller's."

Nobody noticed anything amiss. Nobody, that is, except Aunt Fanny. I thought she would faint on the spot. Finally, in a small voice, she said: "Israel, come into the bedroom with me for a minute." Defiantly, I followed her. She looked at me sorrowfully, her eyes moist and afraid. "So you are young," she said. "And you found out. Is it so wrong? Your Aunt Fanny is an old maid. All she has to offer is

kugel to her nephews and nieces. And even that isn't real."

I hadn't expected that. I had thought that she would bawl me out. I hadn't thought that she would admit everything just like that.

"So it's finished," she said. "Come, we'll tell the others."

But I stood in her way. Hanging on the bed were a pair of my father's long pants. Only the week before I had asked my father if I could now have a pair of my own long pants. No, he had said, you are not ready yet. But when, I had asked, will I be ready? You'll be ready when you're a man, he had said. When you're ready we'll both know.

To this day only Aunt Fanny and I know the secret of the kugel.

MORDECAI RICHLER

Fleet Street Notebook

ANY M.P. so rash as to believe it possible to plot the current state of public opinion on Suez by a conscientious study of the press must have found himself in a notably tangled state of mind by Wednesday morning. By Sunday most of the press had come to the conclusion that the issue would be sent to the United Nations. But by no means all—not even from the same stable. Lord Kemsley's *Sunday Times* announced across four columns on its front page "Britain Favours Security Council Move". But Lord Kemsley's *Sunday Graphic* told the world—or that comparatively small portion of it given to following the *Graphic*—"Britain is determined to force a showdown on Suez" in much larger type. It added for good measure that, although "it is by no means certain that it has yet been decided to take the matter to the United Nations", if the U.N. was indeed consulted it would be merely "to confound the Left-wing pack of critics ill-led by the *Daily Mirror* and the *Manchester Guardian*". It would involve no weakening of the government's resolution to "stop Nasser", whatever the U.N. decision. "Sooner or later", the *Sketch* concluded, "Nasser must give way or provoke war". No doubt it is purely a coincidence that the *Sunday Times* brought a two-column leader headed a little oddly "Peaceful Settlement" to the climax of identically the same sentence.

The *Sunday Dispatch*, still to be congratulated on allowing its political columnist, Mr. Alastair Forbes, to tear the arguments in its leading article to pieces on the same page, was even more warlike. "We Could Win Quickly," its front page screamed, claiming this to be the considered opinion given to Sir Anthony Eden by General Templar, Chief of the Imperial General Staff. It agreed, however, with the *Sunday Pictorial*, otherwise opposed to it on practically every point, that the Prime Minister faced "the most critical week of his career". Possibly with some inkling of the same truth, the *Sunday Express*, also a reluctant adherent to the view that the U.N. would be brought in, called for "The Loved Voice"—by which it meant that of Sir Winston Churchill—to give reinforcement "to the fine job Sir Anthony Eden is doing".

By Monday, the view applauded by the Left, regretted by most of the Right, that the Cabinet had been forced to accept the fact that the issue must be put to the United Nations was fairly general, although the *Sketch* gleefully shouted "Nasser to Get The Squeeze". The real division was between those, led by the *Manchester Guardian*, the *News Chronicle*, the *Mirror* and the *Herald*, who held that Britain must not only take the matter to U.N. but accept its decision, and the others, led by the *Telegraph*, the *Mail* and the *Express*, which argued that whatever the U.N. did or said we must, in the *Telegraph's* words, "reserve full liberty of action".

The fact that the crisis was in no small degree a personal one for Eden was now fully accepted by practically every paper, with the *Telegraph*, *Mail*, *Express* and *Sketch* using every adjective in their varied vocabularies to convince their readers that a wicked Left had been inspired from the word go by no principle higher than a personal vendetta against a noble prime minister. One suspects that No. 10 Downing Street has been doing some hard lobbying during the last week. The *Express* was cheered on in this course by the result of its public opinion poll which, it proudly announced, showed that 49 per cent. ("the bulk of active and thoughtful opinion") was satisfied with Eden's handling of the crisis. By Tuesday, however, this poll result had begun to look much less impressive. The *News Chronicle* Gallup Poll then showed 81 per cent. of all voters behind reference to the United Nations—a fact which must have made some members of the Cabinet, if not of the *Express* editorial staff, think hard. The *Manchester Guardian* added to the public service it has performed throughout the crisis by a careful examination of Nasser's reply to Menzies showing the extent to which it could provide a basis for a reasonable settlement.

The one thing that brightened a gloomy day was an outbreak of Latin in the *Mirror*. *Si Sit Prudentia* ran its streamer headline, the first "and we hope the last" ever to appear in the *Mirror* in such a tongue. With that fertile ingenuity that so marks him out in the Fleet Street of today, Mr. Hugh Cudlipp, who last week turned the first and back page of his paper into an anti-war poster to be stuck up in factories, had decided that the time had come to remind the Prime Minister and the *Mirror* public of Sir Anthony's family motto, "If there be but prudence".

By Wednesday there was no longer any inclination on anyone's part to pretend that the danger of war, of which the *Manchester Guardian*, the *Mirror* and other newspapers of the Left have been consistently warning the daily newspaper public, did not exist. *The Times* devoted a leader, two and a half columns long, to a review of the history of the crisis, notably calmer than some of its earlier pronouncements but still threatening. "Parliament cannot," it said, "demand more from the government than that they should try every course until it is found wanting. But there is no course which it can expect the government in the last resort to abjure." "The Turn of the Screw" shouted the *Express*, advising its punch-drunk readers that the only legitimate criticism that could be levelled against Eden was "excess of patience". The *Sketch* was openly jubilant. "This Is Flashpoint" it roared in letters two and a half inches deep. "Eden faces the gravest dilemma of his life. Will Britain fight for her rights? Or will Britain take the craven course?"

One could only be thankful for the *News Chronicle*, "Law Must Prevail", the *Guardian*, calmly analytical, and the *Mirror*, with its repeated warning *Si Sit Prudentia*. It would seem to be a motto that might be hung up in several Fleet Street offices.

FRANCIS WILLIAMS

The Arts and Entertainment

The Early Crop

THE early autumn crop of the London Theatre does not, to put it mildly, excite. Such active pleasure as the more discriminating will be able to derive from it will come from individual performances. For example, in the somewhat surprisingly rewarding revival of James Bridie's *Mr. Bolfry* at the Aldwych, Mr. George Cole gives a richly satisfying comic performance as a soldier billeted on a Wee Free Minister in the Highlands. This is an example of the very best kind of English comedy acting based on witty observation and a social and psychological understanding of character. Mr. Cole as Private Cohen is not obviously and all too hilariously funny (English farce); he doesn't proclaim himself a "comic" by throwing his hat over the "flies" every time he enters (German stylisation). He puts himself imaginatively into the shoes of a bored and randy young conscript on a wet Scottish Sunday afternoon, and acts it out with truth and relish. The result is wonderfully enjoyable.

Those superior persons who dismiss Bridie as having a taste for disputation on the Glasgow Medical Students' Debating Society level will find a certain justification for their view in the second act of *Mr. Bolfry*. But what a brilliantly devised first act, continuously amusing and perpetually surprising! The play is excellently acted throughout. Mr. Alistair Sim takes over the part of Mr. Bolfry and lends it his characteristic sinister charm. Mr. Duncan Macrae doesn't quite eliminate all the vestigial traces of a pantomime dame, which sit oddly on the Minister; but he has his moments, and the rest of the cast is excellent. This revival is announced for three months only.

The Old Vic *Timon of Athens* also contains a grand, extraordinary performance. Sir Ralph Richardson has in the last few years developed a curious manner. It is like the "late style" of some writing master in which he has isolated and exaggerated all his idiosyncrasies and projected them almost without reference to whatever text he is speaking from. And there is more than a trace of this manner in the opening of *Timon*. But it is gradually shed as Timon's beneficence gives way to rage, and in the final barren banquet scene which ends the first part of this production, he finds his strength again and brings down the curtain to a fine roaring piece of denunciation brilliantly delivered. From then on Sir Ralph broods over Timon's miseries with a return to an earlier incisive irony which is a happy augury for his future.

The production here strikes me as messy. Mr. Michael Benthall, who never baulks at a judicious rearrangement of scenes, makes a clean and rapid sequence of the narrative. But he combines with the designer, Mr. Leslie Hurry, to create a rather equivocal background of false romanticism. The sets seem cluttered: their colours atmospheric, but their design imprecise; the clothes are raggedy. The company, who seem even more unfledged than usual, have little chance to show their powers, but Mr. Dudley Jones is an excellently cold and vitriolic Apemantus, and Mr. Brian Parker looked well as Alcibiades.

Two examples of our native light theatre, a new Agatha Christie and a comedy by Roland Culver, will doubtless still be running if Miss Helen Hayes pays us a return visit in two or three years to check up. And I'm afraid neither will serve to modify her strictures. *Towards Zero* at the St. James's, adapted from an ingenious novel, retains enough of the bafflement of its original to keep the audience audibly guessing and is content with simply that. It is surprising to me that so cunning and careful a craftsman as Miss Christie is, should be satisfied with so crude an exposition as her first

EUROPE in PERSCHWEPPTIVE

Last comes our surprise report from **SPAIN**. Our corps of Schweppesialists, unpaid (but on an ex-schweppes account) have reported that in Spain there is no sign of any Perschwepptive whatever. To clarify their findings in a phrase — was is is, is is was. Dr. Rudelsbein, the American member of our team, an ethnoeducationist, researching on the Spanish tendency to be slightly late, was able to prove, by living for two months in a *choza* above Torremolinos, that he "found no progress among teen-age groups in the awareness of the core activities vital to life-adjustment problems, so that there were as yet few of the basic social processes one would hope would evolve from a more balanced behaviour relationship."

But if Old is New and New is Old, there is some hope that western influences may before long be making their mark on Spanish peninsularity. If there are still areas untouched by chewing gum, and restaurants which make no attempt to serve warmed-up shepherd's pie and stewed bottled rhubarb, there are definite signs of soccer in Madrid, the ladies of the flounce and the castanet have been observed casting anonymous glances at the more or less two piece, and the fact that the biggest bull-ring in Barcelona has recently seen a performance of Cinderella on ice suggests a glorious future, even a more pleasing present. If in Spain the Perschwepptive is intangible, we can still say it is a land of prospwepts.

Written by Stephen Potter: designed by George Him

SCHWEPPERVESCENCE LASTS THE WHOLE DRINK THROUGH

act. Has she, because she succeeds in her primary object of puzzling, no shame? This is also the worst-acted first act I ever remember seeing on the London stage; to me it was risible, but the audience did not find it so, and things improve as the plot thickens.

Mr. Roland Culver creates for himself a whacking great part as a peppery colonel whose hobby is sewing in *The River Breeze*, at the Phœnix. Granted that the theatre is much too large for so slight a piece, showing up the holes as great yawning gaps, I still think that craftsmanship is sadly lacking in this piece; and in light comedy, craftsmanship, if not all, is at least primary. The exposition is tedious and to fill a gap with an irrelevant demonstration on the stage of an electric mixer is surely to throw up the sponge. But, of course, it has its amusing moments. It is always a pleasure to see Mr. Culver disporting himself and Mr. Naunton Wayne adroitly abets him. The women are charming, and Mr. Patrick Carghill makes some funny lower middle-class irruptions into the period atmosphere of moneyed leisure.

T. C. WORSLEY

Visual Co-Existence

DURING a recent visit to Czechoslovakia and the Soviet Union, I made inquiries about the development of television in those countries. In neither is there so much television as in Britain, either in number of viewers or in number of hours of broadcasting a day. But this is obviously only a temporary lagging-behind: all over Eastern Europe and Soviet Asia, television will soon be spreading fast, presumably with some of the same social consequences observed in the West.

One particularly interesting—and, it is thought, unprecedented—situation will occur shortly in the south of Czechoslovakia. On or about November 7 a new transmitter will come into operation at Bratislava. As a glance at a map will confirm, this Czechoslovakian city is quite near the frontiers of Austria and Hungary: from November onwards, therefore, some millions of people in these three countries will be within range of television programmes broadcast from all three, from Bratislava, Vienna, and Budapest—and, for the first time, television services on both sides of the "Iron Curtain" will be in direct local competition with each other.

People living in South Slovakia (mainly agricultural, but now being industrialised) will benefit most from this choice of programmes. The sets that they can buy are four-channel sets. The language difficulty will be less than might be supposed: those who live near frontiers are often at least bilingual. Ideological good manners will have to be mutual: reprisals would be too easy. Bratislava and Vienna should be a model of competitive co-existence.

Television began in Czechoslovakia on May Day, 1953. Programmes are broadcast for three-and-a-half hours each evening except Monday. There are 70,000 sets (plus some in military units) and about 350,000 viewers, some in fan-clubs. There are many more viewers in the country than in the big towns, partly because town-dwellers have more alternative entertainment but largely because the coal-miners of, e.g., Northern Bohemia are among the most prosperous people in Czechoslovakia. A viewer-research staff of three works on a sample of 60.

I learned all this from Mr. Victor Ruzicka, Deputy General Manager of the State Television Company in Prague, who explained to me also that the emphasis in programme-planning is on "spreading real culture" throughout the nation and on providing information on current events. As much as 72 per cent. of the programmes are done live, from the studio or by outside broadcasting units; opera is sometimes done live and tele-recorded for repeats. The studio and control-room that I saw were spacious and well-equipped.

Reception of the few programmes that I saw (on sets in various parts of Prague) was much clearer than in London, possibly because there are fewer cars in the streets. One item that remains in my mind was an interview with an aged actress who had just been awarded an honour: though I could not understand her, her noble and sensitive face spoke as well as her words.

I also saw one of a medical series called *Take Care!*—advice on the hot-weather care of babies, with whimsical cartoons showing the danger of kissing babies or of binding them too tightly, and the importance of fresh air and vitamins.

The Czechs, too, have their give-away quiz programme—a contest between teams of young factory workers. The prizes include valuable cameras. Typical questions: What are the rules of basketball? What was the unfinished last work of Smetana? Or the first line of a poem is read, and the other lines have to be added, one by one, round the panel.

In the Soviet Union most of the viewers at present are concentrated near Moscow (600,000 sets) and Kalinin (60,000 sets); Moscow's suburban roof-tops sprout "antennae" (as aerials are called) as profusely as those of Ilford or Ealing. But 12 other stations are also transmitting programmes; by the end of the present Five Year Plan (i.e., in 1960) 75 TV stations are to be broadcasting all over the U.S.S.R.; "and the plan," I was told by Mr. Alexander Yurovsky at Moscow's television centre, "will be over-fulfilled." There are now about a million sets in all: by 1960 there will be 12 million. Sets can be bought easily in Moscow; in some places there may be some delay. A big-screen TV theatre in Moscow's Hermitage Park is very popular.

Mr. Yurovsky is in charge of TV film production in Moscow. Being a film man, he is naturally most interested in filmed programmes. "The art of television," he said, "is closer to the cinema than to any other medium." There is also a practical reason for the preponderance of film in Moscow programmes: as yet there is only one studio, built in 1937; but several more are now being built.

The control-room of this studio was even bigger than the one I saw in Prague, and much bigger than most of those I have been in in London. An OB programme was coming through—a boxing match at the Spartakiad. Down in the studio a group of picturesque Kazak dancers, due to perform shortly, clustered round the monitors to watch the fight. Five cameras were ready for their act; the lighting seemed exceptionally brilliant, coming from many points in the lofty ceiling.

Whenever I switched on the TV set in my Moscow hotel-room, there was serious interference. The two expert young radio-mechanics who installed it did not seem to have heard of the suppressors fitted on cars in Britain (but this may have been an understandable defect in interpreting). As television spreads, one can foresee a storm of protests at party meetings and in the Soviet press. I wonder (but could not ascertain) if those responsible are planning that the production of suppressors shall keep pace with the production of sets?

Whenever I switched it on, too, I encountered some seemingly interminable costume drama, often of pre-revolutionary bourgeois life: stout men in wigs in libraries, diplomats gazing down from balconies on the whirl of the waltz.

Scientists, actors, athletes, and artists, Mr. Yurovsky told me, are often interviewed on the Soviet TV; but the political leaders have not yet emulated those of Britain and America in talking direct to the viewers (though Mr. Krushchev was broadcast on TV and sound-radio when he opened a new stadium recently). No doubt they will consider doing so when viewing is more widespread. The studio experts chosen to groom them in TV technique will have an interesting and responsible task.

Mr. Yurovsky showed me some excellent short films that have been televised in Moscow. One of these showed a large Russian dance-band, slightly reminiscent of Mr. Stan Kenton's, playing a swing version (with vocal) of the American Left-wing ballad, *Casey Jones*. Others showed acrobatic dancers, an illusionist, and a "straight" pianist playing Prokofiev.

I was glad to learn that short documentary films supplied by the BBC have been popular when shown on Moscow TV. I hope that this salutary traffic will be increased, both ways—and it will be better still when, through an eastward extension of Eurovision, Moscow and London can see each other on live television also.

In general, I have been surprised by the emphasis on entertainment rather than edification in Soviet TV. There seem to be far fewer programmes of educational value—except in so far as opera and drama have such value—than in London or Prague. Mr. Yurovsky admitted that this was "a wrong tendency." Sport, of course, predominates in the summer, as in England; but one can think of many fascinating subjects for documentary or discussion programmes during the long Russian winter evenings.

In Tashkent, in the remote Central Asian Republic of Uzbekistan, where television starts in November (at first with films only), I found an even more haphazardly lighthearted approach. I was told that the balance and content of programmes would be determined partly by viewers' preferences—which sounded perilously like "giving the public what it wants." Observing my dismay, the officials with whom I was talking hastened to assure me that programmes would, in fact, be worked out by "the collective" (of producers and artists) and approved by the Ministry of Culture; but no director of television had yet been appointed, and I did not get the impression, here or in Moscow, of any serious, coherent planning of balanced programmes. No doubt this matter will be taken in hand before there is universal TV coverage of the U.S.S.R.; but the present drive for decentralisation is so drastic that there may well not be a general all-Union policy—hard as it is to imagine that the Soviet Government could ignore so potent a medium of propaganda.

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In one respect at least, Soviet and Czech viewers are better off than we are: most of the cheaper sets on sale (some with very small screens) combine TV with sound-radio. I see that such combined sets have just been shown at our Radio Show; but, in the past, whenever I have put forward this obviously sensible and economical idea, it has provoked pitying smiles. We are presumably expected to buy two separate instruments for receiving broadcasts on sound and in vision in order to satisfy the avarice of manufacturers and dealers. There could hardly be a better everyday example of the anti-social wastefulness of capitalism.

TOM DRIBERG

Oriental Dancing

THE sophistication and elegance of the Indian classical dance is beyond anything ever attempted in the ballet of Western cultures. The Indian technique incorporates a language of signs that look more like deaf and dumb speech. It does not approximate to our code of mime which is best known in the Russian fairy tale ballets of the late nineteenth century. This ballet mime explains details of the story, such as the fact that the lake where the Swan Princess lives was made by her mother's tears. It is a style of movement separate from the dancing, aping as far as possible the natural gestures of speech. But the Indian language is all a part of the actual dancing, and for this reason the actions of the arm have become more important than those of any other part of the body. They turn and writhe continually, the hand and fingers twisted into the most beautiful distortions; the feet pad out the rhythm; the face ogles and shifts on the neck. These restless extremities seem to accentuate the stillness of the central body, which holds a marvellous tranquility, even when allowed its limited movement.

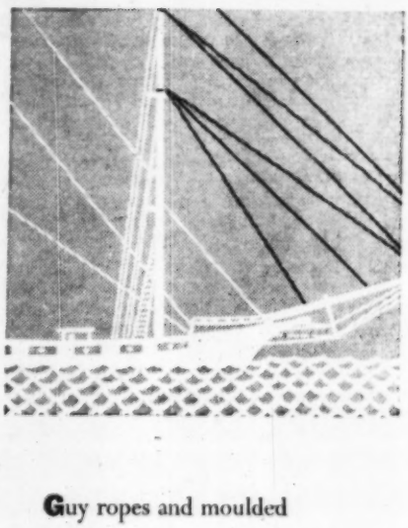
Ram Gopal and his New Indian Company are now appearing at the Royal Festival Hall, showing examples of the great classical styles and a variety of folk dances. The soloists are generally good, but the ensembles often have an uncertain, under rehearsed look. But the costumes are so startlingly beautiful, so bold and so brilliant, and the music is so fluent and rhythmic that the shortcomings of the team work and of some of Mr. Gopal's choreography are outweighed.

A more phoney kind of orientalism is to be seen in *The Miraculous Mandarin*, now being danced by the Sadler's Wells ballet at Covent Garden. It is about a prostitute who lures men into a house, where she watches them being robbed and beaten up by her thug friends. The third victim, on the evening on which Alfred Roderigues takes us slumming, is a blue Chinaman—blue in every possible sense—who is peculiarly obstinate about dying. We watch him being stabbed, punched, hung, kicked, smothered; but he only gets up each time and totters after the girl with glaring eyes. Finally, as the programme so soulfully expresses itself, "the girl, with instinct that is woman's, at last allows compassion to hold sway over her and embraces the mandarin with the utmost tenderness." What the "utmost tenderness" quite entails we are not certain. But the programme continues: "His unquenchable longing fulfilled at last, his wounds begin to bleed and merciful death comes. . . ."

My most lasting memory is of Alexander Grant as chief thug, swinging a bicycle chain with an expression of sheer joy as his chums jump on a corpse; but the sadism is not very artfully contrived and soon grows dull. Elaine Fifield is a dry little prostitute. Michael Somes a comfy, wuffy sort of mandarin, in spite of his blueness. Bartok's noisy, cunningly layered music and Wakevitch's stacked, skyscraper set both need much more sophisticated handling. This is the thuggery of the paper-backed kind, that looks so gloriously orgiastic on the outside, but within turns out to be another deadly bore.

ANNABEL FARJEON

Guys and Dolls



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St.-Germain Soprano

SIDNEY BECHET opens what looks like the liveliest autumn season of jazz in Britain for many years with concerts at the Albert and Festival Halls, and in the provinces. The intellectuals have done their duty by him. In fact, they have practically made him. Though one of the oldest of practising jazz musicians, he was, until they took him up, neither particularly successful nor particularly famous; even if ancient men from New Orleans (especially when prompted by record-collectors) may have remembered him as a brilliant young clarinettist. Some 30 recording-sessions in the 1920s—mostly accompanying singers—eight from 1931 to 1938, as part of a not particularly well-known band: such was the extremely modest measure of his recognition.

Bechet's obscurity was plainly not due to any lack of talent. He did not fit. Classical New Orleans jazz such as he plays rests on three-part improvisation by the trumpet or cornet (which leads), the clarinet and the trombone: instrumental translations, as Bornemann has acutely pointed out, of the tenor, soprano and bass of Negro vocal music. The rhythm section provided the framework. The principle is sound, for brass leads better than reeds. But Bechet, though a clarinettist, has the temperament of a leader. That is why he has largely abandoned the light clarinet for the more positive, insistent, soprano saxophone, of which he is the only serious player in classical jazz. Such a man was difficult to fit into the traditional small band; even the adventurous Duke Ellington, who tried him once, does not seem to have known what to do with him.

A recording-session in 1932 brought his driving, inventive, florid soprano with its characteristic vibrato to the notice of a few European amateurs. The invaluable Hugues Panassié, who discovered him in the middle '30s, found increasingly glowing superlatives for him in each new issue of the magazine *Le Jazz Hot* (patrons: Jean Cocteau, Max Jacob). In 1938 he was established: an exceptionally obscene blues by Trixie Smith was made less monotonous by his accompaniment and Panassié's own recordings of him with the dark blues-trumpet of Ladnier and the clarinettist Mezzrow immediately and rightly became jazz classics: *Really the Blues, Weary Blues* (HMV DLP 1110).

This period almost certainly saw his best work. It is difficult to choose between so many excellent records: *Perdido Street Blues* (with Armstrong), *Wild Man Blues* (with the trumpeter De Paris and the desperate trombone of Sandy Williams) (on HMV (H)DLP 1042), *Weary Way Blues* and the other records of the Blue Note Jazzmen (with the clarinettist Albert Nicholas) (Vogue LDE 086), or the work of the Mezzrow-Bechet Quintet (Vogue LAE 12017). Perhaps those who like experiments in sound may prefer the peculiar caressing noise made by the combination of two reed instruments—soprano and clarinet—a type of music which may be recommended for late night seduction. On the other hand Bechet's magnificent talent as an improviser is best shown in the trio *Blues in Thirds*, with the fine drummer Baby Dodds, and Earl Hines, a pianist as intelligent, talented and assertive as Bechet himself, and one who in his time inspired Louis Armstrong himself to some of his finest work (HMV B9340).

After the war Bechet emigrated to France, where he has since lived and whence he comes to us, accompanied by well-meaning but hardly impressive French players. Paris has been good to him: since his move he has been more popular, more respected (both as a musician and as a coloured man) and richer than he ever was or would have been in the USA. And he in turn has added something to the intellectual landscape of St.-Germain des Prés (where he plays at the Vieux Colombier) and of Paris: his picture is to be found on chocolate boxes, together with the Eiffel Tower. The intensity of the demonstrations against his jazz by opposing schools of jazz-lovers proves that he has arrived.

Bechet's jazz is easy to listen to. His extraordinary virtuosity, his soaring, driving, florid elaboration of the simple New Orleans melodies are among the simplest pleasures of jazz, and who will say that they are the worse for that? But he has another, and unique distinction. He was the first jazz-player to be appreciated as an individual by a classically trained European musician. In 1919 Ernest Ansermet visited London, where he heard the Southern Syncopated Orchestra.

"There is," he wrote in the *Revue Romande*,

> an extraordinary clarinet virtuoso who is apparently the first of his race to have composed perfectly formed blues on the clarinet. I heard two of these, elaborated at great length, then played to his companions so that they could make up an accompaniment. . . . Their form was gripping, abrupt, harsh, with a brusque and pitiless ending like that of Bach's Second Brandenburg Concerto. I wish to set down the name of this artist of genius: Sidney Bechet. When one has so often tried to discover in the past one of those figures to whom we owe the advent of our art—those men of the 17th and 18th centuries, for example, who made expressive works out of dance tunes and cleared the way for Haydn and Mozart . . . what a moving thing it is to meet this black, fat lad with white teeth and narrow forehead, who is pleased that one likes what he does, but who can say nothing about his art except that he follows 'his own way,' and when one thinks that this 'own way' is perhaps the highway along which the whole world will swing tomorrow.

The intellectuals have indeed done their duty by Bechet, but it has clearly been a pleasure.

His arrival ought not to distract attention from another development which causes players and *aficionados* (whose distrust of the commercial verges on the psychotic) sleepness nights: New Orleans jazz, and even that last refuge of bankruptcy, blues-singing, are becoming wildly profitable. It is indeed still true that while Miss Ottilie Patterson's *Reckless Blues* sells like hot cakes, Bessie Smith's profound and moving original, of which it is a devoted copy, doesn't. If Mr. Lonnie Donegan, a blameless guitarist who never hoped to earn more than pocket-money when he began to play and sing, now tops the bill in variety on the strength of a version of *Rock Island Line* which swept both England and America, the late Huddie Leadbetter's original, which he copied zealously, has hardly sold 1,000 copies. And yet, even the triumph of second-hand versions of the harsh songs of jail-houses, mines and ghetto women in this sleek period of prosperity is significant. What it means is anybody's guess.

FRANCIS NEWTON

Bless Miss Holliday!

I'VE said—or at any rate felt—it before, and no doubt I'll say it again. Any film with her is a joy; and *The Solid Gold Cadillac* (at the Marble Arch Odeon) isn't any film, if not hers indissolubly. She turns up at a shareholders' meeting, and in that voice pitched to disturb as the cuckoo in spring, says—apropos directors' salaries—"That seems an awful lot of money", followed by "What do you *do*?" and then "Meet?" and then "Four times a year? Wow!"

She holds ten shares, left to her, in Projects Something or Other. Soon they conspire to offer her a job so as to disembarrass themselves of her interruptions. She has to answer the letters of those with small holdings. Instead she writes to them, and soon has an enormous mail, which becomes fan-mail. I won't go on with the story of how she disorganises a most disarming corner of Wall-Street crookedness, because it is Miss Holliday more than Big Business that claims us.

She is like some superb pianist who limits herself to playing on the upper register of the piano. Childlike and picked-out the tune, but lord! what undertones, what annihilating simplicities, what address! She utters, she lets understanding dawn in those round eyes, she indulges marionette movements, she laughs in a small wan way, she starts only to smile and it's enough. No more perfect instrument for female comedy—and she's

very taking too!—has come our way. Personally, I could do with a Judy Holliday serial that went on for donkeys' years without beginning or end like the adventures of Pearl White. One week we would leave her on the brink of supper with a millionaire; the next, she would be hitch-hiking across seven states and startling lorry-drivers and road cafés as they'd never been startled before. Miss Holliday deserves a script that is her sort of masterpiece.

The Solid Gold Cadillac isn't quite that. But I don't complain. It's amusing, delicate, it gives her every chance, it even allows a few deeper notes, which of course she takes in her stride. Paul Douglas is roused to a performance even more likeable than usual, and there are other minor comedians, whose features we all know but whose names keep eluding us, making hay while the sun shines. A nice bit of Dockery provides the end and the title.

Bhowani Junction (at the Empire) is a romance about the English getting out of India, but the trouble with the film-makers is that they should ever have dreamt of getting in. Here is a sad specimen of fiction forced on a background. I say nothing about the merits of the novel it was drawn from, not having read it, only that the result is pure hash. Miss Ava Gardner plays an Anglo-Indian or "chi-chi" girl; others in various shades of Technicolor simulate different shades of race. The English are shown as uniformly beastly; one might not object to that if Mr. Stewart Granger—a colonel looking like a Red Indian—weren't meant to be also endearing. Rarely can hero and heroine have gone through a film worse tempered, and what life will be for them in Tunbridge Wells, or wherever this ill-assorted pair are last seen making for, is too frightful to imagine.

A new batch of UPA cartoons comes to the Cameo, Charing Cross. A couple of Magoos, one seen already, the other (*Magoo Goes West*) not at his happiest. *Robin Hoodlum* has some fun with a popular TV serial, tea-drinking in the forest, and Cockney accents. *The Oompahs* are a family of brass instruments, and little Horn is on his death-bed till jazz comes up the ladder to save him. On the whole the best of a disappointing bunch is *The Miner's Daughter*: the golden-haired gold-prospector has style, his inflatable hut is a joy, and here for a few moments is that prancing vivacity for which UPA are famous.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

Promenade Concerts, at the Albert Hall

When Lennox Berkeley's opera *Nelson* was performed at Sadler's Wells two years ago it was hampered by some inadequate singing and the smallness of the theatre; this was, in intention, full-blooded romantic opera on the lines of *Tosca*, and it needed more elbow-room. It seemed likely that the new concert suite that Berkeley had arranged from the music of *Nelson* would be more effective, but for various reasons this proved not to be so when it was given its first performance at the Prom on August 30. Sir John Barbirolli had very unfortunately had to retire to hospital the previous week, but although the Hallé must have missed him the fundamental weakness seems to be in the music itself. The suite does not contain the best music in the opera, and above all it never achieves the compelling obviousness that its subject demands.

The two latest items in the endless stream of concerted works for solo instrument and orchestra offer a surprising contrast to one another—a rather amateurish work by a man in his fifties and a highly professional one by a composer who is just twenty-seven. Alan Bush's Concert Suite for Violincello and Orchestra was at its happiest when meandering along in a pastoral-antique way, but transitions are clumsy, the solo part often ungrateful, and the whole work garrulous. The Clarinet Concerto by Alun Hoddinott on the other hand shows quite exceptional promise, particularly when one considers that it is already a few years old. Since he wrote it, Hoddinott has gone some way towards finding a style of his own, but even in this light early piece he gives the impression that music is his natural medium, to be used and not effortfully coped with.

I. N.

Correspondence

NEW MINDS FOR THE NEW WORLD

SIR,—The report of the Royal Commission to the Civil Service is perhaps the best current example of official neglect of a serious problem. That commission had as its chairman Sir Raymond Priestley, the president of this year's British Association meeting, so that no one could accuse members of the Royal Commission of being ignorant of the facts to which your article has directed attention. Notwithstanding this, the commission has produced a report which has worsened the position of the scientific civil service *vis-à-vis* the administrative officer. The facts can be conveniently summarised by setting out the total product of a normal career for three sections of the civil service.

(a) What is known as the works group, that is, engineers, architects, lands officers, valuers, etc.
(b) Scientific officers.
(c) Administrative class.

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It must be emphasised that these are average careers. There are a greater number of opportunities for the administrative class officer to do better than the average than there are in either of the other two classes, but it will be seen from these figures how much better it is to follow an administrative career than to follow one on the other side of the civil service.

A parallel story can be told in respect of each of the other educational levels—the executive officer as compared with the experimental officer on the scientific side of the service, or the technical and drawing office staffs. Again at the first school-leaving stage a similar comparison can be made between the clerical officer and the assistant scientific. Both the clerical officer and the assistant scientific are recruited at General Certificate of Education standard, but the clerical officer is recruited on an established basis while the assistant scientific is recruited as a temporary officer and has to serve two years before he can be established. Even so, the clerical officer goes without promotion to a maximum salary of £690, whereas the assistant scientific goes to a maximum of only £635.

Any rational person would assume that as the government takes this course, and takes it quite deliberately, it is the government's purpose to dissuade people from scientific and technical careers and to encourage them into careers on the other side of the service. Certainly their action is having that effect, as is evidenced by the failure of the civil service to recruit the scientific, technical and professional personnel that it requires.

STANLEY MAYNE
General Secretary
The Institution of Professional Civil Servants,
Queen Anne's Chambers,
28 Broadway,
S.W.1.

SIR,—Your stimulating survey "New Minds for the New World" cannot be allowed to pass without comment from a laboratory which is conducting research into applied science of immediate industrial application, as well as fundamental work subject to long-term considerations. The writing is certainly on the wall, and your article presents the background to our research work in a most succinct fashion.

Your correspondent mentions trends which are actually worse than they at first seem. No mention is made of the fact that much post-graduate research in British universities is undertaken on barren and futile subjects. Nor does the article mention the great difficulty that British research students, and the directors of university research laboratories, experience in finding adequate financial support. For this reason, an undue proportion of research students are from abroad, e.g., in this laboratory there are two British, one South African, five Indian, and three Egyptian full-time research

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students. The results of the work of foreign students are available even after they return home, but the man is not; their degrees are included in the total numbers of research degrees in British universities, and the figures your correspondent quotes should be weighted accordingly.

It is true that the U.S.S.R. has taken the lead in the quantity of research in applied science to such a degree that students and staff in this laboratory find it useful to study the Russian language. In addition, the Russians appear to find immediate application for their results, whilst here there is often an appreciable time-lag, and sometimes the work finds its first applications elsewhere.

Reluctance is all too often the keynote of the British approach to applied science at the present time. To quote two examples, power system protective gear and high-voltage direct-current transmission of power are subjects of great economic and technological importance. The establishment here in Manchester of laboratories to study and conduct research into these subjects is a tribute to the far-sighted support which has been afforded from diverse quarters in Industry; the disinterestedness and apathy displayed by other similar quarters contrasts sharply, and underlines the warning note in your article.

COLIN ADAMSON
JACK L. DINELEY

Faculty of Technology,
University of Manchester.

SIR,—As a chemistry student at Oxford I support your writer's plea for a scientific culture; but not for the reasons stated. It is true that Britain needs more scientists in order to maintain her economic and industrial position in an increasingly competitive world, but I believe that there are more attractive and more compelling arguments in favour of a scientific culture.

It is difficult to say what causes a child to choose a scientific career. He may find that science stimulates an innate curiosity and, to the horror of his family, conduct chemical experiments in the kitchen. Some scientists seem never to get beyond this stage: they follow their curiosity whether it leads to antibiotics or poison gas and hydrogen bombs. There are other scientists who are concerned about the social and political implications of their work: for example, those who would refuse to do research for war purposes. There are those who, seeing that much applied science is concerned with war and commercialism, turn to pure research in the hope that their discoveries may be useful in a saner world.

It is true, of course, that some scientists are incredibly narrow-minded and specialised; but so are some arts men. It is not pleasant to hear a lecturer (not from Oxford) joking about the effects of radio-isotopes on experimental animals, nor to hear an historian lecturing on military history while forgetting the human suffering involved in war. The truth is that the idea of a liberal education (at least in schools) is a myth, and its benefits largely illusory. Its products with their Greek poetry and modern history have been conspicuously unsuccessful in solving the problems of Britain and the world.

I suggest that the educational system today is mainly vocational and ideological in purpose: vocational in that children are taught certain techniques such as arithmetic and the use of the English language; ideological in that they acquire the accepted beliefs of their society—cadet corps and Christianity in Britain, Komsomols and Communism in Russia. For me "History" was 1603-1914 with special emphasis on wars fought, statesmen who made "our Empire" great, passing references to trade unions, and sneers at the Chartists. It was a relief to turn to science for objectivity, realism and intellectual nourishment.

The fundamental argument for a scientific culture is this: The "Good Society" and the "Good Life" of the armchair philosophers can only be realised through the intelligent application of science—and by science I do not mean "gadgetry." Through the physical sciences Man seeks to understand his environment and mould it to his wishes; through the social sciences he seeks to understand himself and discover the conditions for a harmonious society and for a satisfying life. This implies a culture based on science; but it does not mean an end to the arts, to literature, philosophy, history, etc. These are all part of human knowledge and experience and I would hope that in a scientifically planned world, men might have more leisure to devote to "higher things."

I suggest that education in a scientific culture should be broadly based on history as an account of the development of human society in all its aspects: cultural, political, scientific, etc. Its object should be not so much to impart detailed facts as to arouse interest and indicate sources of information. This the present system fails lamentably to do. With a broad diffusion of education there is no reason why scientists and engineers should not take part in the cultural life of the community. After all, Borodin was a professor of chemistry.

It is obvious that if we are to change our culture we must change the basis of our society—and this implies Socialism. Socialists (apart from Engels) have never given to science the attention it deserves and I would recommend it in their "rethinking."

56 Shipston Road, P. C. H. MITCHELL
Stratford-on-Avon.

SIR,—In one respect your article is grossly mistaken. Your contributor writes: "You have a son of 14 or 15. . . . He has very high general ability. . . . He will go on the arts side." That just is not true. I write as senior history master and a fifth form master at a mixed grammar school in the Midlands. At my school the choice between science and arts has to be made at the end of the third form with a possible, but infrequent, transfer at the end of the fifth form. Taking science means dropping history. Nevertheless, what advice I can give to the child with no pronounced inclination to either side must always be: the greater opportunities are on the science side, and the result is that our arts stream is gradually deteriorating. For the last five years there have never been more than two boys in an arts sixth form, with the abler girls fairly evenly distributed between arts and science. Contact with my colleagues in surrounding schools shows that this is a general trend in our area at least.

Nor is it true to say of the Arts side that "the awards are there." This may be true of Oxbridge open scholarships, but even this could be easily altered by industry at a trifling cost to itself, as has already been done in the case of post-graduate studies. The point is that state and county grants make "open" scholarships an unnecessary luxury, and that London and Redbrick, which cater for the bulk of the student population, and—in science at least—not at an inferior level, do not discriminate in favour of the classics or other arts.

As for prospects, the arts graduate can envisage a career in teaching or, at best (financially), in the civil service. Does anyone seriously suggest that this compares with the economic attractions that industry can offer to the science graduate?

No, the wastage of potential scientists does not lie in our worsening and diminishing arts departments. It is rather to be found in the considerable number of pupils who still leave grammar schools at 15 or 16, because either they or their parents prefer the social and economic status of financial independence to continuing their education dependent on grants.

SENIOR HISTORY MASTER

SIR,—How I wish the excellent study "New Minds for the New World" could be sent to the head teacher of every grammar and secondary school in the country. Last week I tried to persuade the 16-year-old son of friends to take his higher school certificate in the science subjects (he has just had an excellent G.C.E. with a high standard in mathematics). He was very keen on the idea, but his parents thought he should consult his head teacher before making a final decision.

The headmaster, however, advised him to take history, geography and Welsh (the latter of no use to anyone outside the Principality, let alone of use to our nation struggling to survive in this scientific age). Your writer stresses the need for changing the climate of our culture; to achieve this we shall have to convince our head teachers and staffs of this need. It is their influence which means most to the 15- or 16-year-old boy or girl.

YOLANDE D. OSBORNE

Tondu, Bridgend, Glamorgan.

PAPIST PLOTS

SIR,—Mr. Trevor Roper invites me to "look at" the history of the Spanish Inquisition (a period of nearly 600 years) and observe "the predominant part played in it by converts."

Rather a tall order, especially as the enquiry would have no possible bearing on the matter under discussion between us—the conduct of Robert Southwell in England in the late 16th century.

It is diverting to think of Torquemada, son of Don Pedro and nephew of the Cardinal, as an Anglican curate who went over to Rome, but "convert" in Spain could only mean a newly baptised Jew or Moor (or, rather loosely, a heretic who recanted before the courts). Many of these converts no doubt were sincere, but a suspicion attached to them that they had apostatised from their ancestral faiths under duress. The Englishmen whom Southwell reconciled to the Church were resuming the faith of their fathers and, in most cases, of their own childhood, at great personal disadvantage. Does Mr. Trevor-Roper see any distinction between these two kinds of convert?

Since he has raised the question, and presumably has an answer ready, perhaps he will tell us what proportion of the Dominicans, who were predominant in the Inquisition, and exactly how many Grand Inquisitors were "converts"?

As I said above, it has no bearing on the issue, but it would be interesting to know.

Stinchcombe, Glos. EVELYN WAUGH

COMMUNIST DISCUSSION

SIR,—The Communist Party headquarters has demanded the cessation of *The Reasoner*, the lively little journal of information and discussion which began to appear this summer under the editorship of the historians Edward Thompson and John Saville. This ultimatum has been issued in spite of the fact that *The Reasoner* propounds no policy, merely seeking to supplement the restricted facilities

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One recalls that when, in 1928-29, Mr. R. P. Dutt was striving to effect a change in British Communist policy he did not need to start a new publication, for he already had his *Labour Monthly*. Moreover, through the good offices of the Comintern's representative in this country he was able to compel the unwilling majority of his colleagues on the Party's central committee to publish his criticisms in the official Communist periodical—and to supplement this with articles by himself and his associates in the *Communist International* magazine, published outside British Communist control. Messrs. Thompson and Saville probably would not wish to see the Comintern back; but they must sadly reflect that it had its uses.

MARXIST

THE SUEZ CRISIS

SIR,—Mr. Pinner takes me to task in discussing Anglo-Arab relations for emphasising the part Britain has "played in creating a Jewish state out of Arab territory." He belittles our responsibility for Israel in Arab eyes and reminds me of the Palestine White Paper of 1939. In turn, may I remind him of the Balfour Declaration of 1917 and the mandate we carried out until 1948?

He also takes exception to the phrase, "Arab territory." But to quote Biblical times is hardly an answer; at least not to the hundreds of thousands of Arab refugees.

A distinguished British administrator, Sir Knox Helm, in a pamphlet advertised in your columns, *The Middle East of Today*, makes this comment: "Israel is by far the strongest weapon in the armoury of Arab nationalism. Without the call of Israel the Arab world would fall apart.

If the censors of British policy would set themselves to finding a solution of Arab-Israel hostility, they would be doing something much more constructive than merely criticising past policies.

L. J. CADBURY

The Davids, Northfield, Birmingham.

THE MELIAN DIALOGUE

SIR,—Your comments on Miss Hikmet's use of Thucydides would have been more appropriate if accurate. There is no evidence whatever in Thucydides to suggest that the Athenians regretted their decision to massacre the Melians. Presumably the Melian episode has been confused with the Mytilenian revolt. Reference to Thucydides will show that the Athenians did on that occasion repent, and in good time.

Since the facts are wrong, it is not worth commenting on your interpretation, except to say that it owes a lot to the Victorians.

Willow Grove, JOHN TODD
Chislehurst.

[We can make nothing of our correspondent's comment, but we are grateful for the correction. It was in the case of the Mytilenian revolt that the Athenians "repented." This in no way lessens our surprise that the Athenian argument in favour of massacring people less powerful than yourselves should be cited as a guide to present British policy in the Middle East.—Ed., N.S. & N.]

PREPARING FOR BLACKPOOL

SIR,—Last week, you indulged in a little dig at Socialist Union which, although long-suffering in putting up with misrepresentation, we cannot let pass unchallenged. You say, in reference to the agenda for Blackpool, "In spite of the efforts of Socialist Union and the re-thinkers, nationalisation is still a live issue with the rank-and-file." No one would think from this that, in chapter after chapter of our recent Penguin book *Twentieth Century Socialism*, we emphatically put the case for the extension of the public sector. "As soon as one considers the ends of Socialism," we say in our summarising chapter, "the limitations of our present public sector are evident. We need more public expenditure, more public ownership, more public enterprise." True, we are opposed to total public ownership, because we believe that to be incompatible with freedom. But is anyone in this country, apart possibly from the Communists, in favour of total public ownership? Are you? It surely does your own sense of fairness less than justice to equate an opposition to *total* public ownership with hostility to *any* further nationalisation at all.

RITA HINDEN
Secretary
Socialist Union,
447 Strand, London, W.C.2.

CRABB'S LAST DIVE

SIR,—Mr. T. S. McLeod says that it is unfortunate that I should have given your reviewer "the impression that Crabb was a pitiful figure."

Surely this is very ingenuous? Commander Crabb was, in his fashion, an enthusiastic Conservative of the right wing. His biography appeared when the Establishment and the Anti-Establishment establishment were preparing to fight a limited war with one another over Suez.

In reviewing the book, *The Times* said that Commander Crabb was "a brave, resourceful and individual personality"; the *Sunday Times* that he was "a delightful personality"; the *Daily Telegraph* that "he fought and beat the Italian frogmen at their own game."

The *New Statesman*, on the other hand, saw him as a "pitiful figure"; *The Manchester Guardian* said that he was of "a not uncommon psychological type"; *The Observer* that "his left-handed approach to life was itself often wry and off-bearing."

What did Mr. McLeod expect?

MARSHALL PUGH
33 Cyril Mansions,
Prince of Wales Drive, S.W.11.

THE N.S. & N. IN 42 COUNTRIES

SIR,—Some weeks ago you were kind enough to publish a letter asking for readers who would send copies of their paper to nominated people in the colonies. The response has been so overwhelming that it will take us some time to deal with all the offers. We would be grateful if you could publish a note informing readers who have not yet heard from us that we are dealing with their letters as quickly as possible.

You will be interested to know that we have received replies from your readers in 42 different countries to date.

PATRICIA RUSHTON
Joint Secretary
Movement for Colonial Freedom.

P.E.N. POETRY

SIR,—For the past five years P.E.N. anthologies of new verse have appeared under the imprint of Messrs. Michael Joseph, Ltd., and you have been kind enough to allow me to invite your readers to submit work for consideration by the editors. A sixth volume is now in preparation, the editors being Miss Kathleen Nott, Professor C. Day Lewis and Mr. Thomas Blackburn, and manuscripts, accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope for return, should be sent to the Editors, New Poems: 1957, the P.E.N., 62-63 Glebe Place, London, S.W.3, before October 31, 1956. Those who wish their manuscripts to be acknowledged should also enclose a stamped addressed postcard. No poem that has appeared in book-form can be considered, and each poet may submit *two* poems only. Payment will be made for all poems accepted.

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BOOKS IN GENERAL

The Barrack-Room Lawyer

In a declining society like ours, men create myths only too easily. The age demands all kinds of qualities—courage, foresight, enterprise, originality—and we who are not remarkable, lacking these virtues, are prone to seek them in embodied ideals of character. Thus we have had Dylan Thomas, the great dead singer, cut off by untimely Atropos, and in the States myth-making is even more extreme. The dead film actor, James Dean, killed in a car crash at the age of twenty-three last year, now heads the film popularity polls and a whole publishing industry is growing up around his legend. "Dear Jimmy," the bobby-soxers write, "I know you are not dead." Such Frazerian mysteries remind us of fourth-century Rome—an age that seems increasingly like our own the more we study it.

A *Time* reporter remarked recently that "Dean not only appeals to a 'mother complex' among teen-age girls, but his roles as a troubled insecure youth prompted many young movie fans to identify with him." In the last few years an increasing number of British intellectuals have been prompted to identify with George Orwell. Their reasons for doing so are sympathetic, for Orwell, to judge by his writing, must have been an extraordinarily sympathetic human being. Since his death in 1950 he has more and more become, in the educated mind, the incarnation of human decency, the exceptionally gifted man who takes upon himself the championship of all men who are being pushed around by their masters, whether the masters are Big Brother, Burmese rubber-planters or public-school prefects. In a secular world Orwell is the patron of our underdog liberties, the comforter who saves us from the knacker's yard. For the Papists, who believe that the Pope should have all the best tunes, he is obviously a figure well worth grabbing. In the past 50 years we have grown familiar with such ideological body-snatching. Rome collared Rimbaud long ago. The devil, it was explained, was only a deevy angel turned inside out. Now Mr. Hollis has attempted to press-gang Orwell*. What he has done, rather, is to carry out a gentlemanly burglarious reconnaissance, a first tentative feel around. Orwell's ethic, he tells us in effect, rested on a subconscious Christian foundation. Though personally indifferent to religion, and detesting anything like orthodox Christianity (which he regarded as one more device to lull the Beasts of England asleep), "Orwell never doubted that man was fundamentally a moral being, that this world was fundamentally a testing place." In other words, Orwell was *anima naturaliter Christiana*.

I find all this rather beside the point. One of the virtues of a prose style as pure as Orwell's is that, even at his most prejudiced and crotchety, you always know just where he stands and just what he's saying. And on religion he was quite explicit—"God," O'Brien tells Winston Smith simply in *1984*, "is Power", and there is no doubt that Orwell believed this. To him religion was a racket, a kingdom of darkness, and he wanted no part of it. Mr. Hollis quotes pertinently from the essay on Gandhi: "Many people genuinely do not want to be saints . . . one must choose between God and Man, and all 'radicals' or 'progressives' from the mildest liberal to the most extreme Anarchist, have in effect chosen Man." In so far as there is a unapostolic succession in which Orwell figures it is that of Wycliffe, Latimer, Cobbett and Robert Blatchford. Like them, Orwell believed in "the vision of a world of free and equal human beings, living in a state of brotherhood".

Though I think that Mr. Hollis has given a wrong shape to his book, he has written a well-intentioned, well-documented study of Orwell's life and writings. His long analyses of the novels and essays are excellent and the book is enlivened by some first-hand material about Orwell's life at Eton. This is not the ideal biography, but it will do to go on with. Orwell did not wish his life to be written, and I think that some of the best writing about him has been that in memoir-form by friends who knew him in earlier days before he became famous and fell ill. There was Mr. Rayner Heppenstall's article, "The Shooting Stick," in the *Twentieth Century*, for instance, and Mr. Paul Potts has a superb portrait in his forthcoming autobiography, of Orwell in his house in Canonbury Square, at high tea in wintertime, with a roaring fire and the table piled with crumpets, Gentleman's Relish and Cooper's marmalade. "He thought," Mr. Potts writes,

> in terms of vintage tea and had the same attitude to bubble and squeak as a Frenchman has to Camembert . . . he wasn't a very good judge of character . . . he loved being a host, only as civilised men can, who have been very poor. There was nothing Bohemian about him at all. However poor he may have been it did not make him precarious.

"He tolerated," Mr. Potts adds, "in others faults he did not possess himself"; and no doubt this was true of Orwell in his personal relations. But in print he is the most nagging of writers and I find this the most irritating thing about him. There was more than a touch of the belly-aching barrack-room lawyer about Orwell. He was a grievance-hunter, a nailer-down of abuses and unfairness, ever on the prowl for examples of man's inhumanity to man, especially the inhumanity of that tacit thinking that goes, for example, with a certain kind of polite British anti-Semitism ("some of my best friends," etc.). Orwell, who wrote an essay on anti-Semitism in Britain, had a strong nose for this sort of thing, but it was by no means an unerring one. As Mr. Potts says, he was not a very good judge of character. One should never forget that he was by lineage a Scot and that psychologically his "drives" were democratic and puritan, not soft and conformist, like the English. He tried to keep the nagging out of his novels; but in his essays, brilliant as they are, he gives it full rein. In and out of season on he goes, like some dreadful elder at a Kirk Session, hauling his subjects up to the penance stool and preaching over them, burning with the godly indignation of outraged human brotherhood, detecting Fascism in Yeats and snobbery in Dickens. The obverse side of Orwell's nagging was his complete lack of rancour. He loathed oppressors of every kind but once they had been tumbled down, he was the first to turn round and feel sorry for them.

The truth is that for all his preoccupation with England and things English, Orwell was too pure-minded a man to realise the rich, complex, deeply snobbish, deeply romantic, deeply hypocritical and deeply narcissistic nature of our society. The English are not nearly as nice or as understandable or as soft as Orwell thought. Or, rather, they are soft in a tough way. Even in our present Tudor flux of new men and new professional hierarchies—the company accountants sidling into the board-room chairs while the Inns of Court decline—we are still living in a Britain that men like Bagehot and Trollope (or Mr. C. P. Snow and Mr. J. B. Priestley today) have always understood better than the William Morrises. England is a broad society—an "open society," to borrow Professor Popper's phrase—and it will always be understood best by its 'men of the centre', who realise that a civilisation as complicated as ours can only be achieved at a price. The price is inequality, and to remain a dynamic society it looks as if we must remain inegalitarian. The amount of human decency in the world in which we live can be augmented endlessly by welfare—by better housing, clothing, food, education and increased security. But the basic "aboriginal calamity," whether you describe it in terms of original sin, the Greeks' 'Necessity', or the clubman's philosophy of life, cannot be altered. Power, greed and pride are what keep the wheels of a dynamic society turning, whether in the U.S. or in the U.S.S.R.

Satirists, whether they write *Animal Farm* or *Vile Bodies*, are inevitably traditionalists. Aristophanes and Swift were both ripe old Tories in the sense that they both thought the old ways were best and Orwell, though his class prejudices cut across his emotional time-lagging, was unconsciously in agreement with them. What he really, at bottom, wanted back was the England of 1910, the small shopkeepers' paradise of cheap shag, music-hall songs and bar-room sawdust with enough injustice for a man to get healthily worked up about and sufficient economic squalor to keep him on his toes, a self-respecting puritan, paying his bills regularly and carving his family a generous allowance of hot roast meat on Sundays. It is the warm frowsty world that you can still see if you take a No. 38 bus from Theobald's Road to the Angel, the world into which Winston Smith strayed when he encountered the watery-eyed old gent in the bar parlour whose "ideas had been formed before the Revolution."

> "The beer was better," he said finally. "And cheaper! When I was a young man, mild beer—wallop we used to call it—was fourpence a pint. That was before the war, of course."
>
> "Which war was that?" said Winston.
>
> "It's all wars," said the old man vaguely.

In *The Road to Wigan Pier* Orwell wrote curiously that "it is . . . the memory of working-class interiors—especially as I sometimes saw them in my childhood before the war, when

* *A Study of George Orwell*. By CHRISTOPHER HOLLIS. *Hollis & Carter*. 18s.

England was still prosperous—that reminds me that our age has not been altogether a bad one to live in." Mr. Hollis comments perceptively:

> Orwell was born in 1903. Therefore, when the war broke out he was eleven and, as in the rest of the book he was to complain that he was not allowed to play with working-class children for fear that they would contaminate his accent, that he was sent to schools so filled with snobbish prejudice that he was hardly able to think of working people as fully human, that he knew nothing of the poor whatsoever till 1927, it is hard to think what these early memories can have been.

Orwell would have loathed the smooth expense-account, striped-trouser-creased world of Sir Anthony Eden as much as Sean O'Casey loathes contemporary Eire. The England he desired—the "undying animal" that he evoked so magnificently in *The Lion and the Unicorn*—was an England that had somehow stripped herself of BBC vowels, top hats, the Royal Enclosure, private schools, the Ritz and the Carlton Club but in which the Cockneys were still brewing enormous pots of strong tea and the Geordies were still racing their whippets. But, alas, life is not like that and, while it would be a great tonic to have Orwell still lashing our decrepit Establishment, one is glad that he has been spared the sight of the mess that our masters are making.

He once wrote nostalgically:

> A happy vicar I might have been
> Two hundred years ago,
> To preach upon eternal doom,
> And watch my walnuts grow.

What nonsense! Parson Orwell would have nagged his parishioners to death, stood on all his vicarial rights, refused to commute his tithe-pigs and embroiled himself with his neighbours as quirkily as he did when he served as a sergeant in the Home Guard. He would have bred his own goats and lived on the goat milk. The parish would have detested him and been fascinated. Far from preaching on eternal doom, his theme would have been constant, copious and inexhaustible. "By the end of another decade," the unclerical voice would ring out Sunday after Sunday, "it will be finally clear whether England is to survive as a great nation or not. And if the answer is to be 'yes,' it is the common people who must make it so."

JOHN RAYMOND

The Buttercup Children

Down the dusty lane of Summer,
Thick with scent, tangled with honeysuckle,
The children come so slowly
You'd think the afternoon would lie for ever
Sleeping along the hedges without shadow.

School is the past; tomorrow is only a name,
And sorrow has no share in this enchantment.
They live in the ephemeral delight
Of butterflies and clocks of dandelion—
Blown as soon as looked at, without time
To jostle them from one thought to another.

Theirs is the present
Wide open as a daisy to the sun;
They do not bruise it in their gathering.
What though these shining buttercup bouquets
Droop in their eager hands?
The gold ungrudging petals drop behind
Uncounted through a timeless afternoon.

PHOEBE HESKETH

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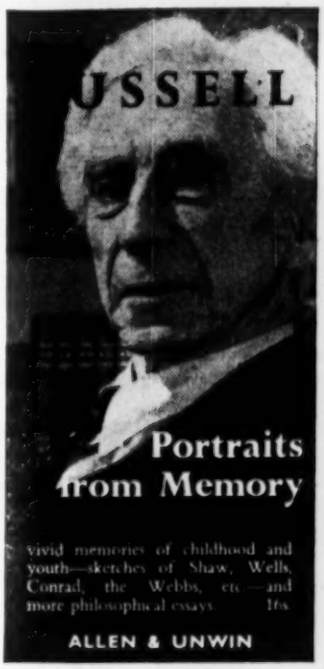
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A. DE SEGONZAC

A fascinating account, with beautiful photographs, of a journey made by one of the first western journalists to be allowed to travel freely in Communist China. The author is the London correspondent of *Paris-Soir*. *Fully Illustrated.* 21*s*.

HEINEMANN

Aristocracy of One

The Faber Book of Modern American Poetry. Edited by W. H. AUDEN. *Faber*. 21*s*.

Here is a really valuable anthology, and its value will be the greater because it has been made by Mr. Auden. A poet may not necessarily be a good anthologist, but Mr. Auden is uniquely fitted to compile this anthology since he is an Anglo-American poet. It is because of this that one rather regrets his omission of T. S. Eliot. It isn't that he needs anthologising, simply that he might appear slightly different when set in his original American context. He was, after all, an American poet before he became an English one, and he has his affinities, of rhythms, of eclecticism, not only with Ezra Pound but with others of his American contemporaries such as Wallace Stevens and Conrad Aiken. Mr. Eliot could himself be used as an introduction to modern American poetry.

That is what this anthology is and how it must be regarded. It is preceded by an essay on the nature of American poetry by Mr. Auden, and a very important essay it is. Given the common language, how does one distinguish between English and American poetry? The difference seems always unmistakable, even when it is very much less blatant than in such lines, from E. E. Cummings, as:

> listen: there's a hell
> of a good universe next door; let's go.

And, as Mr. Auden points out, it has been unmistakable ever since there has been an American poetry. The contrast Mr. Auden makes between Christina Rossetti and Emily Dickinson is a telling one; but he might also have considered the case of Thoreau, a much better poet than is usually thought. If there is no nineteenth-century English poet remotely resembling Whitman there is also none like Thoreau, who appears, in his seeming-casual attitudes, his colloquial terseness and off-beat iambics, a forebear of Robert Frost.

The differences between English and American poetry, though unmistakable, are none the less almost indefinable, and Mr. Auden has to fall back on the notion of a difference in "fingering." There is, however, something else, that of the poet's conception of himself. In the United States, Mr. Auden suggests, for reasons both of history and geography the poet is, as it were, self-made. For us, the great example of this will be Mr. Eliot, with his theory of tradition. But, as Mr. Auden says, "To some degree every American poet feels that the whole responsibility for contemporary poetry has fallen upon his shoulders, that he is a literary aristocracy of one." At any rate, until very recently, American poetry has always been a constant new beginning, and a constant search, differing with each poet, for the "usable past" of Van Wyck Brooks. Hence the remarkable diversity of styles in American poetry. Hence, too, much of its strength, for the usable past that can be drawn on is confined not to English and classical sources only. Consider how Eliot has widened the range of usable past for our own poets.

But for a poet to conceive of himself as a literary aristocracy of one demands tremendous self-discipline and a completely sure taste unless he is to fall into excesses of eccentricity. This may explain the sparseness of the output of some of the best contemporary American poets, John Crowe Ransom and Allen Tate, for example. It explains, too, the weaknesses of some others, the late Wallace Stevens, for one. Stevens's *Sunday Morning* is surely one of the dozen best poems in the English language of our time, yet much of his work seems to me so private as to be inaccessible: it is of the ivory tower even though, in Stevens's case, the tower was the tower of an insurance building in Hartford, Connecticut. It accounts, too, for the difficulties one has with some of the poems of Cummings and Marianne Moore. How does one read Cummings's lower-case first person pronoun, the comma in the middle of a word or the parenthesis in the middle of a word? How does one read Miss Moore's patterned stanzas? Listen to the poets' own recordings of their work, and you find that neither makes any attempt in reading to produce an equivalent to the typographical oddities he indulges in on the printed page; to this extent it seems fair to say that both would have been better poets had they not been self-made.

The styles may not be equally good, but the fact remains that American poetry during this century has produced a range of styles beyond anything we have known in English during the period. That the diversity continues is clear from the later pages of this anthology, in the work notably of Elizabeth Bishop, Delmore Schwartz, Randall Jarrell, John Berryman, Robert Lowell and Anthony Hecht. Elizabeth Bishop seems to me the best American woman poet since Emily Dickinson, a truly original talent: she has been writing for more than 20 years, and it is surely time an English publisher brought out her poems here. English and American poetry are going to exist side by side for as long as the language remains. They will not be in competition, but at any given point in time the health of the one will be checked by reference to the other. There will be constant cross-fertilisation between them. So far, American influence on our poetry has come mainly from Eliot and Pound. They are not the only American poets from whom the English may learn, and Mr. Auden's anthology gives us even less excuse than we had before for being ignorant of them. My own feeling is that it would do contemporary English poetry no harm at all if this Faber Book were to become as much a landmark in its development as Michael Roberts's *Faber Book* was 20 years ago.

WALTER ALLEN

New Novels

The Willing Flesh. By WILLI HEINRICH. *Weidenfeld & Nicolson*. 16*s*.

Freedom and Death. By NIKOS KAZANTZAKIS. *Faber: Cassirer*. 18*s*.

The Side of the Angels. By JEAN-LOUIS CURTIS. Translated by HUMPHREY HARE. *Secker & Warburg*. 18*s*.

The Red Priest. By WYNDHAM LEWIS. *Methuen*. 15*s*.

My Darling from the Lion's Mouth. By MARY K. HARRIS. *Chatto & Windus*. 12*s*. 6*d*.

The Dark of Summer. By ERIC LINKLATER. *Cape*. 15*s*.

The history of Germany under the Nazis still lends itself to the fateful-conspiracy interpretation. According to this, events are to be viewed as a vast plot by Norns to lure the *Volk* on to total doom; Hitler was an *ignis fatuus* emitting the phosphorescent glow of initial victory. In 1945 the explanation seemed almost complete. (Today one is not so sure; it looks as if the Norns may have lain down on the job.) You find it echoed in *The Willing Flesh*. This, though very far from being the definitive masterpiece for which we continue to hope, is the thickest and most powerful novel yet published about the war on the Russian front. The period is some time after Stalingrad, the sector the south. During the first part of the book the platoon led by Corporal Steiner, a cynical, resourceful, death-wishing hero, is cut off behind the Russian lines. They surround a section of Russian women troops and take their uniforms. Steiner punishes the only rapist by locking him up in a cupboard and leaving him to be trampled to death. Back with the battalion, retreating on the Perekop isthmus, there is a prolonged personality-war between Steiner and his company commander which reaches improbable lengths. There are some lapses in conviction and here and there you suspect the author may be faking a bit. Hitler, the party, the SS, are never mentioned. Fighting morale remains high owing to a mixture of neces-

sity, military tradition, the death-wish, and, in the case of the very dumb ones, by a generous—generous towards the High Command—recollection of past victories which have got to be paid for with some setbacks before final triumph. The descriptions of battle, especially the street-fighting at the end, and the relations between the members of the platoon in action are excellent. Steiner's interlude on seaside leave in the Crimea stresses the connection between brutality and sentimentality. The hideous, sour sense of evil waste hangs heavy over the shapeless scene.

There is also a lot of bitter hand-to-hand fighting in *Freedom and Death*, which is an epic of the Cretan struggle against the Turks in the nineteenth century, but it is conducted with old-fashioned weapons and still older-fashioned ideology. This is a really fine novel written and constructed on classic lines. It gives you a most impressively vivid and domestically detailed picture of Cretan life in a small town and supplies a deep insight into the singular Cretan temperament with its compound of highland ferocity, insular independence, Byzantine skewness and something uniquely and indefinably Cretan. The principal character is Michales, nicknamed Wild-boar, a particularly dashing and rugged Capitanos (I doubt whether the word "captain" is sufficient here). During the first half of the book while the town is still at peace, he swears blood brotherhood with the Turkish Bey. Later, partly as the result of a duel between the Bey and Michales's brother in which the brother is killed and the Bey castrated, persecution starts. Michales assumes the local leadership, takes to the mountains and dies fighting. Meanwhile he has stabbed the Bey's lusty, musky (everybody souses himself in musk and sniffs each other like dogs) Circassian wife who has become the mistress of another Capitanos. There is a slight drag in the middle but the heroic note is well sustained and you get a strong impression of an entirely unfamiliar way of life. The publisher has been lazy; this was an obvious case for an introductory note about the historical background, the author, and his style.

The Side of the Angels is a study in the aftermath of the French Resistance, among, mainly, the literary intelligentsia. It opens with the liberation of Paris, and carries on, with flashes back to the Thirties, until 1950. It is essentially a didactic novel and its characters, who hold enormous duologues, have been specially picked to illustrate predicaments. There is Bernard, the Jewish intellectual ex-Maquis leader, editor of a Left literary magazine—which pays so well he can keep a mistress for every day of the week. His counterpart is Roland Oyarzun, a Basque aristocrat—or so he thinks, for his father was really a Jew—a crazy, mystical, hearty fascist whom you are supposed not to be able to help liking. He has a corrupt mother who lives with a middle-aged black marketeer who is better at Judo than any commando. (M. Curtis believes in a scrupulously fair distribution of qualities among his characters.) Between these two is a saintly Protestant, Bernard Donadieu, the friend of both, who suffers undeserved misfortune to show you that M. Curtis is no false optimist. The younger generation is represented by a gay young person who knew not the Thirties but was just old enough to fight with the Free French. He is rather unprincipled but probably too fastidious to go very far wrong, though he writes in the manner of the early Montherlant. Nothing very much happens. Roland makes a hopelessly abortive attempt to shoot Bernard, who behaves generously. Existentialism is discussed at the Flore; Bernard keeps a journal and has a rather interesting interview with Gide. It flows on, readably and intelligently but rather too lengthily, and you wish it could have been condensed into a week-end at Cromesur-Loire, or Mme Aldwinkle's château.

Any reader who expects from Mr. Wyndham Lewis a *vie romancée* of the Dean of Canterbury will be disappointed. *The Red Priest* is the Rev. Augustine Card, the eccentric and aristocratic young vicar of a church in the Ebury Street neighbourhood where the mews-dwellers live in terror of bands of very tough infant-delinquents like a Giles cartoon. As a character-formation he seems to have affinities with Ronald Firbank, Compton Mackenzie, and Shaw, the Shaw of *Candida*. He is also an expert amateur boxer and gets into trouble for laying out and killing his curate, of whose dialectical skill he is envious. There is little politics, apart from a demonstration or two in church, in protest against the appearance of a visiting Russian priest. The period is the present but the characters are out of this world altogether. Mr. Lewis savages his farce like a werewolf decimating a stolen thigh. The style creaks and groans as if someone were wrestling with a strait-jacket. Is this a curiosity of literature or of some other branch of knowledge?

My Darling From The Lion's Mouth is a promising first novel about adolescent agonies. Julia, an orphan living with an invalid grandfather and an odd housekeeper, comes home after stealing a mistress's (symbolic?) brooch. The young doctor finds her a companion, a rather raffish young woman-drifter, who sabotages her incipient love affair with a French youth. There are emotional currents in every direction, and commendable striving after an exact rendering of their nuances. Miss Bowen is probably the principal influence. Unfortunately the characters, especially Julia, are a little blurred.

Mr. Linklater has indulged in a superior, Buchanish adventure story, with some very diffuse narration, wandering backwards and forwards between the Faroe Islands, the Shetlands, the Western Desert, and back again with an interlude in the past concerning the Jacobite rebellion. The plot turns on whether or not an aged Shetland giant, who shouts, drinks brandy all night, and quotes Yeats, was or was not a Fifth Columnist. Though stumbling rather noticeably between the stools of straight and thriller, it is quite nicely written and easy to read. It suggests that a carefully planned Buchanish venture by Mr. Linklater might be extremely profitable.

MAURICE RICHARDSON

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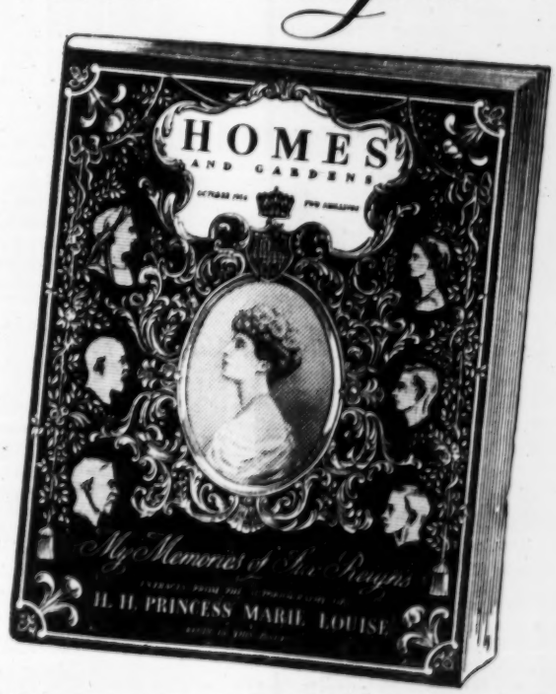

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JOHN MURRAY

Archæology in Two Styles

Narrow Pass, Black Mountain: the Discovery of the Hittite Empire. By C. W. CERAM. *Gollancz* and *Sidgwick & Jackson.* 25*s.*

Early Anatolia. By SETON LLOYD. *Penguin Books.* 3*s.* 6*d.*

Till 1870 the Hittites were no more than a name in the Bible, the negative part of an analogy for the triumph of righteousness. After 80 years of increasingly careful excavation and the faith and patience of the readers of unknown languages in unknown scripts they have become a nation as interesting and intelligible as they were powerful and enduring. They emerge with the second millenium B.C. as the first authenticated bearers of Indo-European speech in the Near East. The Kültepe letters of 1850 B.C., though written in Old Assyrian by a cheerful community of expatriate merchants, abound in the "Aryan" names of their Hittite hosts.

Even in the high period of their empire (1680-1190 B.C.) the charm of the Hittites is in their tolerance. The tablets discovered in such vast numbers at their capital city of Boghazköy are now found to be written in eight languages. No wonder it was a little difficult to decipher them. Their kings were constitutional, their empire federal, their nobles bound to a kindly feudalism. Their laws disdained the pleasures of vengeance in the rare view that penalties should consist of reparation. The one thing the Greeks knew about them was that they had a thousand religions.

They had, in fact, the genial ways of soldiers who win their battles easily; they were the perfectors of chariot warfare. With a driver and two fighters on each light battle-chariot, easy-rolling on six-spoked wheels behind a charger trained according to the Hurrian Manual of the Horse, they ran panic circles round opposing infantry. They conquered Babylon in the sixteenth century and won what Herr Ceram wonders if he should call the "world-historical" battle of the Orontes against Ramses II of Egypt in 1296 B.C. When the Hittites yielded to the bearers of the Iron Age their hieroglyphics and their federalism lived on in the city-states of Anatolia. To the Greeks they left no more than a helmet, some gods (but were these Hurrian?) and a musical instrument.

Those reviewers who have found the Hittites a bore are, I believe, belated equaters of culture with art, men who can't face the front pages of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION. It is true that among the many thousands of examples of Hittite writing now available very few have any connection with literature—though the poetic and sweetly reasonable execration of his foster-son by King Hattusilis I is not the work of a Philistine. True also that their plastic art, of which, if production is the index of pleasure, they were inordinately fond, is remarkably bloody. Unbalanced, dysrhythmic, grandiose and self-satisfied, it is like Eric Gill executed by the cartoonist of an evening newspaper. It had an odd but fitting revival in the art of the British Empire Exhibition of 1923. I include the statue of the Prince of Wales in butter, for the Hittites were utterly frivolous about materials. Indeed, frivolity adds charm to their hideous military architecture; they placed huge blocks of masonry on an unclimbable precipice, then led a wide outside stairway over the walls and eased the more gentle slopes opposite by covering them with stucco; through walls 237 feet thick they made tunnels large enough for the Bakerloo.

Herr Ceram's book, which I have in the end very much enjoyed, raises in a spirit quite ten degrees over proof the question of how much vulgarity of style one can endure in a popularising work. *Part One/The Enigma of a People/Discovery and Wild Surmise/When in dim and far-off days young Leander swam.* . . . This is, in the main, his manner for 248 pages. His translators help him on with "will" for "shall" and phrases like "to top it all off". In matter he is another man, careful and courteous with authorities and theories; and roughing it himself to examine with the great Helmuth T. Bossert the fantastically rich archæological field at Karatepe ("the lady-archæologist and myself had to represent ourselves as man and wife"). When he offers his own theories he sinks into a plain and modest style. Is the answer, perhaps, that his torrent of journalese may be just the thing to popularise archæology in Germany or France, but isn't needed in England where we are, so to say, archæologists to a man?

That this is so is suggested by the publication of *Early Anatolia* as a Pelican. It is written with the panoply of university jargon ("emphasises the magnitude and multiplicity of the lacunæ") in an otherwise serviceable style that enables Mr. Seton Lloyd to get into fewer pages four times as much as Herr Ceram. In fact, he offers, with asides that he is writing a popular work, a complete and accurate account of the archæology of Anatolia (excluding the delectable Lycia) from Lower Palæolithic to the arrival of the Greeks. Clever men can, I believe, obtain at a single reading a clear view of this sort of history-through-description of men, methods, sites, artifacts and evaluation. The ordinary reader may be left as I was with the feeling that he is listening to a rapid but rational commentary on all the Olympic Games being played and run by all the nations in the same stadium in a single hour.

ANDREW WORDSWORTH

A Certain Simper

Robert Benchley. By NATHANIEL BENCHLEY. *Cassell.* 18*s.*

The Benchley Roundup. By ROBERT BENCHLEY. Edited by NATHANIEL BENCHLEY. *Cassell.* 18*s.*

We all have our favourite memories of him—mostly of his appearances in films. Lecturing, maybe, on *How to Figure Income Tax*, the becrowthered economist with diagram and pointer. Blundering around the badminton court, to demonstrate the Coiled Spring, or Fluid Co-ordination method of muscle-play; or delivering his Treasurer's Report in the inept officialese of a commercial gent aping a civil servant. Then, of course, there were his confused excursions into popular scientific journalism: "The Sex Life of the Polyp"—"Can We Believe Our Eyes?"—"Do Insects Think?" Finally, and perhaps most popular of all, were his harassed essays on Family Life, where he figured as the Caspar Milquetoast in all of us, simpering diffidently at uniformed officials when his wife instructed him to "Ask that man over there."

Until I read his son's biography, it was this last aspect of Benchley that seemed most characteristic; and, frankly, I was a little impatient with it. Kindly Humour, Fundamental Good-Nature, Wit Without a Trace of Malice—these admirable qualities tend to leave me yawning. I go instead for the satirists, for the nasty destructive wise-crackers, for Dorothy Parker, Perelman, Groucho, Wolcott Gibbs, and the early Waugh. Despite Chaplin and Thurber, I rather chafe at the smugness and self-pity latent in the pose of the Silly Little Man. But if you imagine, as I did, that this was Benchley's chief pose, these two books will bring you a welcome surprise.

Most of the Algonquin and *New Yorker* circle, Benchley included, came from out-of-town and Puritan stock: hence, of course, their more than town-mouse enjoyment of metropolitan high jinks. Benchley himself supported Prohibition, and for many years was a teetotaller and non-smoker. In his early days he did social work for boys' clubs, and had pacifist qualms about U.S. entry into World War I. While still unknown and almost penniless, he married a childhood sweetheart: in fact, he was pretty much the all-American boy. This gave him some common ground with his readers, as well as a hideous insight into such purgatories as Stoking the Boiler and Travelling With Children ("Those who have taken a very

small baby on a train maintain that this ranks as pleasure along with having a nerve killed"). His comic pose as the distraught, frustrated fumble-thumbs was thus quite true to life. But what I hadn't realised was that the young Mr. Benchley made several false but very earnest starts in various forms of business. Although at Harvard he had edited the *Lampoon* and nurtured literary ambitions, he was at length forced, like any Dickensian hero, into the counting-house. And this, rather than domestic mishaps, provides the clue to the best and sharpest of his humour.

He looked, indeed, very much like the Thirties version of the man in the grey flannel suit: a spruce, respectable city figure, with a natty neo-Clark Gable moustache. His Treasurer's Report and many of his lectures hinged on this deceptive appearance: one of them, recounted by his son, had a group of U.S. Naval Officers severely worried until they finally saw the joke. And although Benchley's almost total lack of business spirit saved him from an ulcerous middle-age in the pages of *Fortune*, his nine-to-five days gave him an expert exasperation with the habits and platitudes of businessmen. "Inter-Office Memo," and "One Minute Please!" are urbane, witty, and venomous indictments. Mr. Benchley, Junior, has done his editing well. His own book, replete with photographs, is likewise lively and revealing. Apart from its glimpses of the young Robert Benchley, obtained from early diaries, it adds a number of anecdotes to the Benchley canon and destroys a number of Alexander Woollcott's apocrypha. His story of Benchley's funeral is a fine mixture of emotion and faintly ghoulish farce. But then, how typical of Robert Benchley that even his *ashes* should get mislaid. . . .

RICHARD MAYNE

Insiders

Raymond and I. By ELIZABETH ROBINS. *Hogarth Press.* 21*s.*

This could have been an embarrassing book. It is, in fact, an excellent one. The friend of Henry James and, by general consent, the greatest of the actresses who first played Ibsen, Elizabeth Robins was not a mere personality. She and her quixotic brother Raymond were people who count for something. They were exceptional not in their talents alone, but in a strong sense of the obligations of talent and the heart. They knew and nurtured each other's exceptional quality with the genius of serious and unpossessive love. Such a love, and between a brother and sister, is hard to convey without the cloying or the complacent phrase, but with tact and truth Elizabeth Robins does convey it. She does not pretend that, after their youth, they did not become different people. That love was the motive for her sudden abandonment of her work with the London theatre and her bold and dangerous journey to Alaska in the gold rush of 1899, in search of him. He was not lost but she was alarmed to hear that he was going through some kind of a spiritual crisis, without help. That intimate story and the report of what she saw in the primitive mining camp of Nome makes a vivid book and one most uncommonly true in tone.

The fortune of the Robins family had been broken by the American Civil War. The children seem mainly to have been brought up by their grandmother in New York, the parents not often there. Raymond disappeared to Kentucky and Florida, and by the time Elizabeth was succeeding in London, he was setting up as a lawyer in California. But the passion had been formed. At the age of 23—legal training being startlingly brief in that period—Raymond was leading the case for the citizens of the town against the State legislature, and announcing that he was out to make a fortune so that he and his sister could settle down together and live for ever some lost dream of childhood. A desire to lead, crusade and take on responsibility was planted in him in the highest Puritan tradition. He had rescued his brilliant, destitute brother, one of the casualties of the American enterprise—he had sunk to the point of "using tobacco"!—but the rescue was scarcely complete before the brother went off to the Klondyke and was once more in straits. The Puritan mind is complex. At what point the salvations of others and financial adventure coalesce it never quite knows. Raymond caught the gold fever, chased after his brother and went through appalling experiences in the Arctic. He lost his money, nearly died, met some Jesuits and passed through a religious crisis and described his conversion in a letter to his sister in London.

Conversion to what? In the mixture of motives that impelled Elizabeth to go to him, the good American Protestant horror of the Jesuits was very important. She arrived on the dreadful beach at Nome after a sea journey from Seattle that recalls tales of the packed-in bodies of the slave trade, and found her brother running the Protestant mission! He was the moral ruler of a "town" consisting of a few shacks and thousands of tents. The panning of gold, the staking of claims took place on the sands at the sea's very edge. She had landed in a mad, primitive society of frantic men who robbed and jumped claims by day, murdered at night, and who had been reduced by epidemics. Raymond's prestige was that of the saint. He received next to no money. He slaved without reward for the community. The Mission had got itself into a shady financial mess. One pregnant termagant had moved into the "church", given birth, refused to budge and frustrated the services. Another missioner was frequently enjoying wrestling matches in the streets with his wife, who threw stones at him. The young, handsome, domineering convert to Christian service was the slave of every wailing voice in the community. What was more dangerous, his sister noticed, was that he was beginning to be worshipped. That would mean a double destruction.

Raymond was inhuman. He worked continuously day and night, scarcely ate, did not smoke or drink; the sense of mission, the drive of conscience absorbed him. It was her part (she saw in Alaska) to show her brother that there was abasement, a dread of his own quality, in the sacrifices he was making for others. The exceptional had no right to make such sacrifices. The argument was eloquent if it had its flaws, as she saw; and at the back of it was, no doubt, her American respectability and conservatism, the feeling that this was not success or fortune. She herself says that poverty frightens Americans more than anything else, because if the money goes, they have no other resources; but what she was really arguing was that it is degrading to live below one's value or powers. It is a waste, a cowardice and a suicide. Heroic words: like a good Puritan she was a hard moralist:

> The maker of us all has not made it possible for us to transfer the best things to any other. They are lost in the act of giving. . . . I may work so hard for someone that I lose my eyesight, but my friends are no stronger for the sacrifice.

But the good thing about the Puritans is that they can't help coming clean about their ruthlessness:

> At all events . . . let us say flatly that what we did we did because we wanted; not for this one's sake or that, but because a clear understanding or a blind drive led us that way.

This was the spirit that really drove this clever young woman across the world into the vivid and extreme squalor of the gold rush. Her account of it, and especially of the extraordinary people she met there, is most precise and unexaggerated. The dullest and most dreary outnumbered the wild adventurers, and were all the more interesting for their powerful transfiguration. And the picture is framed in the curious, touching and clear-headed evocation of her love for her brother and her brother's love for her. They belonged to a generation which had not learned to dodge the responsibilities of talent by the alibis of guilt.

V. S. PRITCHETT

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Excursion

This Delicious Land Portugal. By MARIE NOËLE KELLY. *Hutchinson.* 25*s.*

There was a time when ambassadors' wives were content to get the seating arrangements right at their dinner parties and jolly along the young attachés. Nowadays they write travel books and even, in the case of Lady Kelly, illustrate them with their own photographs. The title of this one, I think, tells the whole story. There is a certain fuzziness about the photographs which suggests they would be more at home in the Kelly family album. The prose, too, has a distinctive quality, as though it had been written on paper doylies from Harrod's. It is by no means difficult to write a dull book about Portugal, and we should not, therefore, be surprised to find that Lady Kelly has succeeded. This is a pity, because—as her bibliography shows—she is an industrious woman, and her account of her travels reveals commendable energy in trudging through Portugal's lesser-known churches and museums.

Dissertations on Manueline architecture, sorties into Portuguese history, reflections on majolica panels, and coy *aperçus* about the locals are mixed together according to the well-tried formula. But it all reads like a *Britannia and Eve* translation of Sacheverell Sitwell. Moreover, as we might expect, the wife of the author of *The Hungry Few* (or was it *The Ruling Sheep?*) cannot resist the occasional excursion into politics. There is the inevitable interview with Salazar ("the Doctor really is in a class by himself among all the governing people in the world of today"), and the inevitable philosophical reflection:

> Some might think it would be a good idea to bring progress, industrialisation, television and the hire-purchase system to these peasants. But a wiser hand, that of Salazar, leads them. He knows and has said that happiness is a state of mind and of heart. He thinks that civilisation creates more needs than it can fill and that a satisfaction—not of the senses but of the soul—can be brought about between one's aspirations and life's realities. . . .

On the whole, fuzziness and all, I think I prefer the photographs.

PAUL JOHNSON

Four Million Words Without a Ghost

Jules Verne: Master of Science Fiction. By I. O EVANS. *Sidgwick & Jackson.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

"Ever on the look-out for fresh phenomena, Captain Servadac . . .". This is the authentic Verne. The gallant captain and his servant, Ben Zoof, are watching the heavens go mad: the sun rises in the west, the moon has acquired another satellite, the pole-star is displaced. Yet they make a fire to boil some eggs, and the captain notices that the water boils very rapidly. Naturally, like all Verne's heroes, he reflects a moment.

> And, taking down a Centigrade thermometer, which he had hung upon the wall, he plunged it in the skillet. Instead of 100°, he found that the instrument registered only 66°.
>
> "Take my advice, Ben Zoof," he said, "leave your eggs in the saucepan a good quarter of an hour."
>
> "Boil them hard! That will never do," objected the orderly.
>
> "You will not find them hard, my good fellow. Trust me, we shall be able to dip our sippets into the yolks easily enough."
>
> The captain was quite right in his conjecture, that this new phenomenon was caused by a diminution in the pressure of the atmosphere. Water boiling at a temperature of 66° was itself an evidence that the column of air above the earth's surface had become reduced by one-third of its altitude. The identical phenomenon would have occurred at the summit of a mountain 35,000 feet high; and had Servadac been in possession of a barometer. . . .

Every one of Jules Verne's adventure stories is stuffed with passages of this kind, nuggets of popular science which Verne mined from a mountain of technical books and used to salt his novels for the eager auto-didact. One detail follows another, for Verne never hesitated to hold up his story while he catalogued the equipment that his explorers carried, or gave his readers a lecture on technology or geography or astronomy. In *The Green Ray*, for instance, the mere mention of the island of Staffa is succeeded by a digression on the basalt rock formations. And it is this overloading, I suspect, that explains why an adult finds it difficult to read his tales today. For poor construction is a handicap at the best of times: it is deadly when the digressions outline scientific theories that have been exploded or overtaken.

Mr. Evans, who has provided an interesting introduction to this selection from Verne's writings, does not agree with this view. He admits that "Verne's leading ideas have proved fallacious . . . his adventures seem conservative . . . the characterisation superficial." But he argues that Verne is one of the founding-fathers of science-fiction, that his books have some permanent value, and that they can be enjoyed if the reader is willing "to forget later discoveries and inventions and place himself mentally in the same position, with regard to technology, as Verne himself." The argument, in short, is that Verne is a literary curiosity who deserves to be remembered, and that, by making both effort and allowances, it is just possible to read some of his books. Mr. Evans may think this an unfair summary of his comments. But I very much doubt whether these extracts will make anyone turn back to the books themselves, at least for the reasons Mr. Evans gives.

It is true that Verne was a remarkable person. As Wells pointed out, he made some astonishing forecasts; even when his plots were most improbable he kept the detail within the limits of the possible. Cannon existed. Therefore the projectile sent to the moon must be a large cannon-ball. Wells, on the other hand, was merely using the apparatus of science-fiction to make a point, and he felt no need to describe his time-machine in terms that could be fitted into the technology of his period. Yet to appreciate this, the most obvious side of Verne, one must be a small boy, a science-fiction addict or a student of technology.

Mr. Evans is right, of course, to point out that Verne made a unique contribution to literature. He fused the adventure stories of Scott and Fenimore Cooper with the neo-necromancy of Poe, and by setting this new formula in the frame of modern technology he accomplished the transition from magic-fiction to science-fiction. To write about four million words of this stuff without a ghost, and to do the reading that Verne's books required, is no mean achievement.

For me the fascination of Verne lies elsewhere. Mr. Evans glances in a phrase at the richness of his symbolism, which he correctly sets in a long tradition of Catholic writing. But much more lies behind it. Verne was born in 1828, the son of a small-town lawyer. In his youth, France was still swirling in the eddies that followed the collapse of the Napoleonic era. Verne—vacillating between *la vie de bohème* and the bourgeoisie—bobbed like a cork on the currents of Lamartine, Fourier and Saint-Simon. All three left their impress on his writing. But the influence of Saint-Simon is the most marked. Verne, the stockbroker-utopian, is just as much a Saint-Simonian figure as De Lesseps, the canal-builder-visionary.

The unsettled, insecure bourgeois who swarmed into power under Napoleon III—that bourgeois emperor, France's Albert, who had his dinner-service made of the rare metal aluminium—were industrialists and technologists, not the bankers and financiers of the Bourbon and Orleanist cliques. Many of these men had a revolutionary past, or had flirted with revolutionary doctrines in their youth, but it was their destiny to sublimate these aspirations in a technical rather than a social revolution. The views of this class are reflected by Verne in the same way that the social tensions of the lower middle-class here at the turn of the century are reflected by Wells.

For example, Verne was an enthusiastic Esperantist: the idea of a world language, at that time, was both a reflection of imperialist expansion and a protest against it. He was obsessed by power—his books are full of international conspiracies, of huge economic trusts and rivalries, of sinister intrigues by great nations. Yet almost all his heroes are rebels, men who achieve their feats in the face of formidable opposition, French citizen soldiers, men like Captain Nemo—a Robin Hood figure expelled from India by the British for his part in the Mutiny—and American abolitionists helping runaway slaves. British imperialism, naturally enough, was the main target. After 1870, too, there are passionate attacks on the Germans. But Verne was not a French chauvinist. He was a man of 1848 who had got swept up into the expansion of French industry and science. And his humanitarianism always dominates his stories—as, for instance, in the satirical account of the crippled veterans of the American Civil War regretting that peace has prevented the development of even more effective weapons of destruction. Philosophically, Verne was a muddle, just because he was living through an age of transition, in which technical change crowded in on him so fast that it dominated his writing. But, essentially, he was a satirist and a utopian. And utopianism is the form that social protest takes when, for one reason or another, men reject the values of their society but feel powerless to arrest its course or change it.

NORMAN MACKENZIE

Report on Bandung

The Colour Curtain. By RICHARD WRIGHT. *Dobson.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

The Asian-African Conference. By GEORGE KAHIN. *Oxford.* 16*s.*

Richard Wright felt the call of colour and took the plane to the Bandung Conference in April 1955. To him, colour is all, or nearly all. Dun, dark, yellow, brown, black, swarthy, tan, dark brown and dusky men and women from the 29 nations represented at Bandung "began to sense their combined strength; they began to taste blood. . . . They could now feel that their white enemy was far, far away." If Richard Wright were speaking for the majority of delegates, then the Bandung Conference was indeed an historical moment, the beginning of a new and desperate chapter in the most primitive of all wars, in which, until now, the white race has been the aggressor. Fortunately he was not.

It would be easy, but it would be ostrich-like, to be deterred by some of the hyperbolical writing of *The Colour Curtain;* the "young ardent Frenchwoman . . . with her eyes wide with images of global racial revenge" and "corroded souls" belongs to the world of the novelist or the autobiographer (and Richard Wright is distinguished in both fields) rather than to that of the reporter of a serious Asian-African Conference. Yet, underlying such comments, there is a warning both to those who were at Bandung, and to those who, by virtue of not being Asian, African, or Israeli, were not invited, that the colour question plays a role in African nationalism which it has not played in that of Asia. The pride of those who led the national movements in Asia was humbled by colonial powers, not because of an irrelevant difference in pigmentation, but because the West, more advanced technically and scientifically, occupied their territories, assumed cultural and religious superiority, and settled down to develop a vast wealth of raw materials for their own benefit. The Bandung Conference was a signpost in the history of colonialism, bringing together in active co-operation the national leaders of Asia, where the colonial struggle (with the exception of Malaya, Goa, and West Irian) has been already won, and those of the African continent where it is approaching an explosive phase.

Professor George Kahin provides a neatly packaged account of Bandung, with 38 pages of his own comments and the same space for outstanding speeches which were already available in other forms and in several languages. The American professor was as unconscious of the presence of colours different from his own tanned pink and whiteness as the American Negro writer was obsessed by it. He is Associate Director, South-East Asia Programme, at Cornell, and to him the Bandung Conference was mainly a gathering at summit level called together by the sponsors (Burma, Ceylon, India, Indonesia, and Pakistan) "to lay a firmer foundation for China's peaceful relations with the rest of the world, not only with the West, but equally with themselves and other areas of South-East Asia peripheral to China." He makes the point, now largely overlooked, that in April 1955, China was still relatively isolated, and the danger of hostilities in the Formosa area a main cause of world tension. The Conference gave Chou En-lai an opportunity, which he used with skill and finesse, to demonstrate China's desire to avoid war with the United States over Formosa, and it brought her into a closer alignment with the neutralist powers as well as with the colonial freedom movement.

In any assessment of the results of Bandung, there is no doubt that China has reaped the highest dividends. Egypt and several Arab nations have now recognised China, whilst Peking, as much as, if not more than, Moscow, has become a Mecca for potential pilgrims from every Bandung power. It is too soon to make more than a temporary assessment of Bandung's significance. But the Western world must recognise that it was the basis of a new alignment of positive neutralism, and that it has brought nearer than we may realise the end of colonialism.

DOROTHY WOODMAN

Shorter Reviews

Shakespeare in His Age. By F. E. HALLIDAY. *Duckworth.* 30*s.*

Mr. Halliday is the author of a number of useful and well-written works on Shakespeare, and to these he has now added what is essentially a volume of annals. He begins with a general sketch of England in 1564—its agriculture, trade, education, statecraft, personalities, arts—and then proceeds by short jumps to 1616, at the same time shuttling more or less rapidly between his centre of interest—cultural affairs in general and theatrical affairs in particular—and a wide periphery in public events. "But Essex, too, was beginning the last act of a history" gives the formula, and Mr. Halliday applies it deftly to the producing of an informative and reliable, if rather restless, book. Occasionally one may dissent from his reading of the evidence in minor matters: it is surely rather more likely that Thomas Platter saw Shakespeare's *Julius Cæsar* in 1599, and rather less likely that *Twelfth Night* contrives a "pretty compliment" to Don Virginio Orsino, than in either case is averred. But doubtful issues are usually dealt with very well. The mysteriousness, for example, of that affray at Perth which history has so tendentiously agreed to call "the Gowrie Conspiracy" is intimated with admirable economy.

Into his factual record Mr. Halliday has conveyed, with due warning given, some speculative notions of his own. An authority on the Cornish miracle plays and their presentation, he is inclined to think that the influence of such structures as Perran Round may have lingered in the first professional theatres of London; that the whole arena or yard was through a considerable period employed as a playing-space; and that it was only latterly that the groundlings or understanders were allowed to emerge from beneath the tiered galleries and crowd round the stage. The evidence for this seems not very impressive at present, and one suspects that a large platform would always have been good enough for the players if the space surrounding it could be well filled even at a penny a head. Nevertheless Mr. Halliday here makes an interesting addition to the considerable body of fresh thought on Elizabethan theatrical production which has been accumulating of recent years.

J. I. M. S.

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The Normal Child and Some of His Abnormalities. By C. W. VALENTINE. *Penguin Books.* 3s. 6d.

This surprisingly comprehensive text-book, specially written for this series, is not only a fascinating introduction to child psychology but fulfils the desirable secondary purpose of warning parents, teachers and social workers of the wide range of individual differences found among normal children. For getting across information of this sort to the general public Professor Valentine was an inspired choice. He never writes down to his readers, or loses sight of the ordinary child in its normal family setting. Basing his comments on numerous examples of formal experiments and of his own observations of children within the family circle, he shows how variable is the rate of growth in every field, and how common are so-called neurotic traits in children who in fact grow up neither neurotic nor delinquent. Perhaps the reassuring touch is rather overdone. Parents can be too complacent as well as too anxious, and it might have been well to indicate some of the danger-signals which show that the child is straying over the margin of safety and has begun to need professional help.

On certain important theories Professor Valentine runs counter to current teaching but he always explains his opponents' position fairly and makes observation of the child his final arbiter. He is a firm believer in the importance of innate differences in moulding character and conduct; the current tendency to over-emphasise environmental influences he regards as due to wishful thinking on the part of psychologists and social-workers who like to think that delinquency and neurosis are within their control. The value of intelligence tests is another unpopular cause championed with vigour and authority. This section of the book would alone make it a worth-while purchase for any normal parent.

L. F.

Literary Essays. By DAVID DAICHES. *Oliver & Boyd.* 16s.

Mr. Daiches is a man of wide allegiances and many loyalties, and his new book of essays reflects these. He is a Jew and a Scot, a Balliol man who, after years of teaching at the University of Chicago and at Cornell, is now a don at Cambridge. Wide allegiances produce breadth of mind, the ability to rise above the parochial and above that conception of scholarship as an intensive specialism which is one aspect of parochialism. So, in a sense, he is above the battle, the observer from outside who can see beyond the local antagonisms. In his prose he combines vigour with courtesy; his literary sensitivity and his learning can scarcely be questioned; and one is aware all the time of the bedrock of fundamental common sense on which his opinions are based.

Three of these essays are not likely to be bettered by anyone in the future: his "Walt Whitman's Philosophy" is the finest thing written on that subject; in "The Poetry of Dylan Thomas" he places the poet's achievement with the most judicious accuracy; and "Scott's Achievement as a Novelist" can stand side by side with Bagehot's appreciation.

In other essays, he examines the New Criticism, an examination the more damaging for its moderation; discusses "Guilt and Justice in Shakespeare"; is excellent on Richardson (*Clarissa* "elaborates the conditions under which virtue can be driven to sainthood"); defines the nature of literary history; adds a valuable footnote to the theory of the criticism of fiction; and, from his knowledge of Hebrew, considers and finds wanting, though doing justice to their incidental merits, translations of the Bible in English, French and German. In his last essay, "Religion, Poetry and the 'Dilemma' of the Modern Writer," he dissociates himself from the myth-hunters and concludes:

> The problem of the modern literary artist is not to find usable myths as much as to find ways of handling knowledge in a context of value. . . . We have more balls to juggle in the air, more conflicting claims to focus into a rich pattern of significance, more items of knowledge to organise into a profound and total vision of man's fate. . . . If the artist would spend less time alternately bewailing his 'alienation' from society and flourishing his unemployed skills he might realise the exciting opportunity that awaits him.

W. A.

The Twentieth Century. September, 1956. 2s.

This latest special number of the *Twentieth Century* is mainly given over to Scottish Voices, one of which, surprisingly, turns out to be Carlyle's. Only a smart editorial trick brings him into the chorus—his letters to Froude, of which we now have the last instalment, were being published in the magazine anyway—but he provides a useful yardstick for some of the other writers. How free, for instance, was that Chelsea Scot from the vague sense of guilt that haunts that other Chelsea Scot, G. S. Fraser! In giving us his very personal impressions of a visit to Edinburgh after many years of absence, Mr. Fraser suggests that he is a happier man and writer for *not* living in Scotland, but feels rather bad about it when he is with the writers who have stayed there like Hugh MacDiarmid and Norman McCaig. Burns Singer, another Scot in London, is tougher, angrier and perhaps more realistic. He, too, admires the hardy men who do scratch a living as artists in Scotland, but thinks the artist has a better chance of survival in Soho. He is angry about the provincialism of the London literary world; a more reasoned attack comes from another Aberdonian, W. A. S. Keir, whose *Cold Blast from the North*—the best article in the paper—tears the protective covering off the personality cult, the Sunday papers, dilettantism in literature and the increasing concern with publicity values. Edwin Morgan's *Jujitsu for the Educated* is a cool approach to MacDiarmid's long poem *In Memoriam James Joyce*—"It is great, and it is also petty". One English voice is allowed: John Holloway, decribing from his own experience the set-up, traditions and spirit of a Scottish university. He finds it in many ways a livelier place than Oxbridge; these voices from the North are certainly lively, quick, talking out vigorously to a general audience, not muttering the private language of the provincial.

J. A. S.

Crusading Warfare, 1097-1193. By R. C. SMAIL. Edited by DOM DAVID KNOWLES. *Oxford.* 30s.

Feudalism was in essence the organisation of society for war. Yet historians of the Middle Ages have paid as little attention to the question, how far the pattern of feudal society was shaped by military necessity, as have military historians to the influence of social conditions on military techniques. Dr. Smail sets out to remedy this two-fold shortcoming in a particularly important sphere. He has studied both Frankish and Muslim society in Syria in their entirety; the military history of the Crusades he considers as a function of the local politics and social organisation. The battles on which past historians have so lovingly dwelt he shows to have been of minor importance in campaigns which the Franks waged at the lowest possible cost and for a strictly limited aim: the acquisition and defence of land, whose revenues and services could support an ever-shrinking hold on the periphery of Islam. Thus, as in all Marcher Lands, military and civil organisation were closely interlocked; and the Crusaders built their castles, not simply for security against an external enemy, but as centres of administration and control in the territories from which they drew their wealth.

Dr. Smail's study of this military society is meticulous and thorough. This makes it all the more regrettable that he should treat it with an aridity of style which will discourage all but the most enthusiastic specialists from reading him.

M. H.

Sterling Dollar Diplomacy. By RICHARD GARDNER. *Oxford.* 42s.

This is an able—and for British readers rather funny—rewrite of the history of the failure of the Bretton Woods Agreement on orthodox American Democratic Party lines, in the style of a blood and thunder novelette.

An impeccable Mr. Harry Dexter White (since impugned by the Republican Party together with Hiss), acting for Secretaries Hull and Morgenthau, presents the great liberal challenge to Britain for world reconstruction on the basis of multi-lateralism and non-discrimination. Only wicked and inefficient and therefore cartel-minded British vested interest on the Right and such "Left-wingers" as Mr. Richard Stokes (p. 226) and intellectuals "influenced by the writings of Marx & Lenin" such as Professors Cole, Carr & Laski (p. 34) oppose this, on purely doctrinaire grounds. That the predictions of the opponents were vindicated within a year and a half seems to have been purely coincidental. Mr. Gardner should make a clever aide for the next "moderate," *i.e.*, conservative, Democratic Administration.

T. B.

LEISURE is well spent in reading for a DEGREE

One of to-day's problems is that of making the best use of leisure hours. To those who are studiously inclined we suggest that spare time might well be occupied in reading for a Degree; not merely for the material advantages, but also for the widening of outlook and development of mental abilities. Moreover, under experienced and sympathetic guidance study becomes a pleasurable occupation. **London University Degrees** are open to all. You need not attend the University. All that is necessary is to pass three examinations (in some cases, two). You may study for them at home and in your own time, wherever you are. **Wolsey Hall Postal Courses** for these examinations are conducted by a staff of over 100 Graduate Tutors. The Courses comprise Lessons, Test Papers, Model Answers, correction of your work and solution of *all* difficulties by your tutors. A Guarantee is given that in the event of failure, tuition will be continued *free*. Fees are reasonable and may be spread over the period of the Course. More than 11,000 Successes at Lond. Univ. exams. **alone** from 1947. **Write for PROSPECTUS** to C. D. Parker, M.A., LL.D., Dept. VH24.

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Lost Worlds: Adventures in Archæology. By ANNE TERRY WHITE. *Harrap.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

Lost Worlds is aimed at that public which is more likely to be attracted by the glamour of excavation than by its more routine or more scholarly aspects, and, dealing wth the civilisations of Crete, Egypt, Babylonia-Assyria and the Mayas of Central America, it uses what may be called a cinemascopic technique in order to cover a vast field. Schliemann's discovery of Troy, for instance, is suggested in a series of dramatic shots in which one sees the ruthless hand of time flattening empires, the boy Schliemann dreaming of buried gold, listening to his father recite the story of Homer's Troy, and finally, as climax, the glamorous discovery of Helen's Jewels. It may be that the fairy-tale element that Miss White has successfully brought out in the life of Schliemann has led her to adopt the sort of style that a child would easily understand. At times it becomes naive: "We call these explorers archæologists—men who talk about things that are old. Their heads are very full of learning." The book is generously illustrated and contains a small but useful bibliography.

M. B. S.

Week-end Competition

No. 1,385

Set by Later Alligator

The usual prizes are offered for an excerpt (limit 12 lines) from that epic of jive, *The Rock 'n' Roller's Saturday Night*. Entries by September 25.

Result of No. 1,382

Set by Flavus

Miss Billie Holiday, the greatest of blues singers, began her autobiography with this memorable sentence: "Mom and Pop were just a couple of kids when they got married. He was 18, she was 16, and I was three." The usual prizes are offered for the best similarly explosive first or last sentence from a real or imaginary autobiography.

Report

My thanks to the very large number of competitors (nearly 150) who tried their hand. My regret and sympathy that so few succeeded in a task which was far harder than I had realised. Miss Holiday's explosiveness—ghostly? It would be nice to think not—is no simple formula. In 23 superbly chosen words, she has established her background, recorded at least five relevant facts, illustrated (by her method of doing so) one facet of her own character and made firm friends with the reader by a breathtaking and slightly naughty *dénouement*. Too many of her imitators thought that vulgarity or sheer improbability were satisfactory substitutes for the artfully conjured impudence and shock which characterised the original.

Researches into genuine autobiography proved disappointing. Several competitors quoted Harriette Wilson: "I shall not say why and how I became, at the age of fifteen, the mistress of the Earl of Craven." But this is a shade too obvious. Gilbert Harding and Cyril Joad were also popular, but not quite good enough. More *recherché* was the opening of Gertrude Beasley's *My First Thirty Years:*

> Thirty years ago I lay in the womb of a rebellious woman as a result of sexual rape.
>
> T. S. MERCER

Somewhat to my surprise, nobody remembered Earl Baldwin, whose *The Questing Beast* begins: "I was born in Westminster at two-thirty a.m. on the 1st March, 1899, feet first and wearing a caul"—a splendid collector's piece.

Half a guinea to T. S. Mercer: otherwise prizes to the fictitious—half a guinea for each asterisk.

*** I had so many "aunts" and "uncles" when I was a kid, it just wasn't true. Mother (Madam as we all called her) was a very popular character.

IOCK TAM

** I remember little of my early education beyond the fact that my first school burned down one night and that, at my second, all personal property was impounded on arrival, including tuck, penknife and the remainder of my matches. P. A. T. O'DONNELL

** Mother was quite broadminded for a nun.
ALFRED BRADLEY

* I never liked children and that's why I took on the two little Princesses. A.
(Name and address please.)

* Waiting for birth. Afraid, not so much of the experience, as for and of my mother, my father and all the others, who, when I scream at the top of my voice into the world, will shove a gag into my mouth. (*Franz Kafka.*) AMY HOLLINS

* A very funny thing happened to my mother on the way to the theatre one evening. (*A Musical-hall Comic.*) JIM

* In all the years among the splendours of the Vatican Palace, I never felt more than a prisoner; yet, when he could spare the time from his officious cardinals, father was very kind to me. FREDERICK

We were a profoundly happy pair, my wife, my sister, and myself. (*Nietzsche.*) GEOFFREY ROSE

When good Egyptians die, they go to the British Museum. (*Sir William Haley.*) D. FERNANDO

Grandfather was a butcher; a big, gentle-eyed, taciturn old fellow, very considerate of people's feelings, who chloroformed Grandma first and was careful to forgive the hangman. R. A. MCKENZIE

I never knew my father; nor, thanks to a miracle of modern gynaecology, did my mother. I was not so much conceived as contrived. E. C. JENKINS

City Lights

Alimentary Canal

Sterling is still weak and stock markets quiet. Faces look cheerful and prices improve only when gunboats drop out of the headlines for a moment: the City prefers bread to circuses. Even the bread-and-butter news, however (if anyone were bothering about it), would hardly be helping City digestions—the widening of the trade gap, the recovery of consumer durable sales, the bad harvest, the loss of the small improvement in coal output. The passage between the balance of payments and the growth of investment looks narrower as the autumn approaches. Suez may force a change of course.

* * *

Investment trusts are a City tradition. Some of the very best people find it convenient to run a group of them. But dog eats dog in a credit squeeze and pedigrees go by the board: money is scarce, and investment trust assets (shares, of one kind or another) can be sold. Hammerson Property, which recently won the fight for Airports and its cash, is expanding rapidly on the building boom and needs more—preferably without having to ask Treasury permission to borrow it. A bid is being made for Domestic & General, one of the trusts in a group run by Sir Denys Lowson, the last Lord Mayor but a few. One of the singularities of this particular trust is that its net assets (at end-June) did not cover its capital. Since 1948, in fact, while the more successful trusts have increased their net assets by up to 150 per cent., the assets of Domestic & General have fallen, and shareholders must have been hoping for some time that a bidder would turn up to rescue them. Details of the trust's investments have not been made public, and Hammerson's may be running the risk of finding an angel in the poke—though the cash risk is being kept as low as practicable. It seems quite

Virgin Soil Upturned

Did you know that Mikhail Sholokhov is now writing a sequel to his famous book? The first chapters of this new and important work were published in a recent issue of

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certain that the bid will stir up violent feelings. If it succeeds it will create an interesting precedent and produce a flutter in a good many little City offices.

* * *

Camp Bird (the name comes from a mine in Colorado) is an old mining finance house with an aggressively self-conscious new look. Eighteen months ago, a vocal shareholder, Mr. John Dalgleish, decided that the company was ripe for rejuvenation. He put forward the suggestion that he and his friends should replace the sitting board, that shareholders should be repaid 9s. a share out of surplus funds, and that the working of Camp Bird should be overhauled. Supporters clustered round him, a last-minute bid from another mining house was defeated in the face of the most respectable advice, and Mr. Dalgleish took over. Since then he has made a number of changes. Shareholders, for some very odd reason, refused to allow him to repay them the 9s. a share he had promised. Instead he reshuffled the investment portfolio, increased the dividend sharply, and acquired a sprinkling of industrial subsidiaries. The great thing about Camp Bird under Mr. Dalgleish, as he has often pointed out at some length, is that it is all set to grow.

The company is in the news again at the moment. Half-a-dozen Malayan tin companies are run by a common group of directors from Redruth, in Cornwall. All of them contain a good deal of idle cash, and several—egged on by impatient shareholders—have agreed to pay some of it back. One in particular, named Tekka-Taiping, has been harried by a vigorous opposition which, not satisfied with the cash already disgorged, has been planning to unseat the board and consider winding up the company. Just over a week ago the opposition called an extraordinary meeting. They were thought to have enough support to carry their point, and the board seemed lost. But, instead, the meeting was adjourned for 28 days (an adjournment is carried on a show of hands and few of the opposition were in Redruth): the reason for claiming a reprieve was simply this—Camp Bird had put in a bid.

It is hardly possible on the figures available to see how much profit Camp Bird hopes to make from the transaction. It may amount to very little. Mr. Dalgleish wants to take an interest in tin mines, and the Tekka-Taiping directors, whom he intends to keep in office, are all for him. Many shareholders will probably accept his offer (a lot of Camp Bird shares seasoned with a little cash) if only for fear of being left in a defenceless minority. The intriguing question is what Mr. Dalgleish, with the board supporting him, proposes to do about the other five companies in the Redruth group.

* * *

The prospect of a coupon war is not popular with tobacco shareholders. The board of B. Morris has had a gallant try, and failed. Faced with a meeting which would almost certainly result in their dismissal, the directors called another for a later date to consider the liquidation they had always opposed: the idea, presumably, was to get over the first hurdle safely and hope for the best when it came to the second. They came a cropper on the first.

The Amalgamated Tobacco board's preliminary manœuvre, to increase the voting power of the Ordinary which are largely held by the chairman, has done rather better, but only because the chairman had disallowed votes that might have defeated him. The lawyers are flurrying.

TAURUS

The Chess Board

No. 357. Biding One's Time

It's tempting enough to grab a pawn while the grabbing is good; but even when it can be done with impunity it may well be wiser to bide one's time and to let the tension grow before "cashing in" on a more substantial scale. A good example of such rewarding self-restraint is Alexander's win over Barden at Blackpool. Here it is, along with some notes kindly provided for this column by our new champion.

(1) P-K4	P-QB4	(3) P-Q4	P x P
(2) Kt-KB3	Kt-QB3	(4) Kt x P	P-KKt3

Now becoming fashionable again, since the "Maroczy bind" (5) P-QB4) seems to be less terrible than used to be thought. But White's actual 5th move is less harmless than it looks.

(5) B-QB4!	B-Kt2	(7) 0-0	Kt-R3
(6) Kt x Kt	Kt P x Kt	Difficult decision, for (7) . . Kt-B3.	

(8) P-K5 is good for White, and so is (7) . . P-K3. (8) Kt-B3, P-Q4. (9) P x P, P x P. (10) Kt x P! Possibly best is (7) . . . P-Q3, but it can be met either by Kt-B3 and P-B4 or by (8) Q-B3, Kt-B3. (9) P-K5, P x P. (10 Q x P ch, B-Q2. (11) Q-R6. The text aims at . . . P-KB4, but the trouble is that on R3 the Kt is in danger of being lost (such as by the threat of Q-Q2 after White's 10th).

(8) Kt-B3	0-0	(12) RP x B	P-KB4
(9) B-K3	P-Q3	(13) Q-Q2	Kt-B2
(10) P-KR3!	B-K3?(K-R1!)	(14) P x P	P x P
(11) B-Kt3	B x B	(15) R-R6!	P-Q4

White's text is much stronger than (15) R x P, R x R. (16) B x R, P-B4. If (15) . . P-B4; (16) Q-Q5, Q-Q2. (17) B x P, or (16) . . Q-B1. (17) R-B6, Q-Kt2. (18) R x QP. If (15) . . P-K4; (16) P-B4 and Black's problems all remain. His next move's effort to get some counter-play plunges him deeper in the mire.

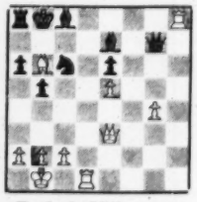
(16) B-B5	P-Q5	(18) R-R5!(B x KP?)	P-Q6
(17) Kt-K2	Q-Q4	(19) Kt-B4!	Q-Q2

Not, of course (19) B x KP?, P x Kt. (20) R x Q, P x R — Q ch. Note White's 20th. The RP won't run away.

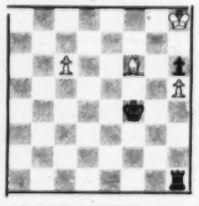
(20) KR-R1	KR-Q1	(24) Kt x P	B-R3
(21) R x RP (at last!)	R x R	(25) Q-B3	P-B5
(22) R x R	Q-B1	(26) Q-B4	Q-B4
(23) B x P	R-K1?(R-Q2!)	(27) Q x P	resigns

The remaining Black pawns would topple like ninepins. Now here, telling a story against himself, our new champion reports his luckiest escape at Blackpool. Black against Ritson Morry, he had just played (20) . . . QR-K1, so as to prepare for . . . Kt-Kt4-B6. White made his best move (21) Q-B3 which would have best been countered by . . .Q x Q, followed by . . . Kt-Q5. But Alexander played the more obvious (21) . . . P-QKt4, brilliantly refuted by (22) QR-Q1!!, B x R. (23) R x R, pinning the Kt. The sequel was . . . R-Kt1. (24) P x P, P x P. (25) R x Kt(R-Q5!), Q x Q. (26) Kt x Q, P x R. (27) Kt x B, R-QB1. (28) B-B3!, R-B7. (29) K-Kt2, P-Kt5; and now, in a fit of absent-mindedness Morry blundered away his B at B6 and promptly resigned what should have been a win for him, though by no means an easy one.

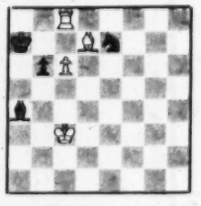
A: C. H. O'D. Alexander 1947



B: J. de Villeneuve-Esclapon 1909



C: M. Liburkin 1931



The 4-pointer for beginners is a game position in which White clinched the issue in a few moves. **B** and **C** (for 6 and 7 ladder-points) are both wins and very pretty studies too, the latter conspicuous for Black's ingenious counter-play.

Usual prizes. Entries by Sept. 24.

REPORT ON COMPETITION

No. 354. Set August 25

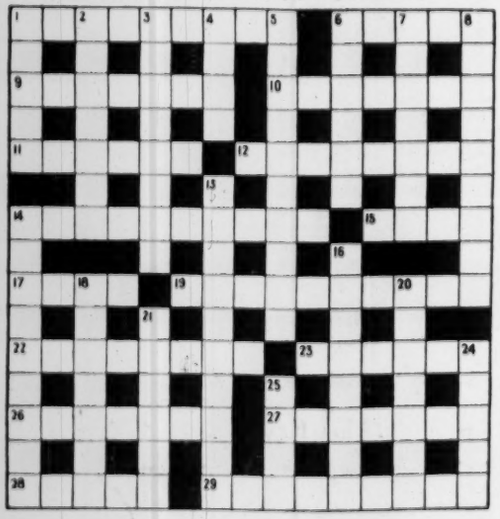
A: (1) Kt x P!, B x B (best). (2) Kt x P ch, K-B2. (3) Kt-R8 ch, K-Kt1. (4) P x B, K x Kt. (5) P-Kt6, etc.
B: (1) K-Q7, K-Q6. (2) K-K6, K-K6. (3) K-B5, P-Kt6. (4) K-Kt4!, K-B7. (5) K-R3, etc.
C: (1) Kt-B4!, B x Kt. (2) R x P ch, K-Kt7. (3) R-KKt3!!, B x R ch. (4) K-R3, etc. But (1) R x P ch is refuted by . . . K-Kt7.

An easy lot and many correct solutions. Prizes shared by M. A. Anderson, A. J. Bamford, E. A. Barclay-Smith, E. W. Carmichael, W. T. Maccall, M. Rumney.

ASSIAC

Week-end Crossword No. 216

Prizes: Three book tokens of 15s. for the first correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword No. 216, N.S. & N., Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1, by first post on Sept. 25.



ACROSS

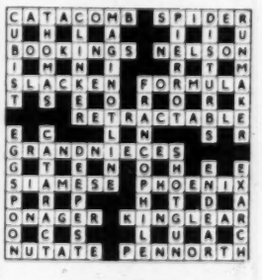
1. What to put on the bed for a midnight feast? (9).
6. Call to arms in feudal armies (5).
9. Wearing away the bars (7).
10. Famous swimmer with his name in a newspaper article (7).
11. "His clear—Yet reigns o'er earth" (Shelley) (6).
12. Weakness as of former times in the East (8).
14. Half the country is needed for sowing (10).
15. She is agelessly mean (4).
17. Expression for a period (4).
19. Modelling material which may be used to plan cities (10).
22. Stupid and possibly a sinner to start with (8).
23. Preserved in the past or edited in the present (6).
26. Whole number with greeting curtailed and confused (7).
27. Bad language makes an animal celebrate (7).
28. Fashionable vehicles reversed (5).
29. Change gear among the hillocks in overalls (9).

DOWN

1. Entangle us in the spurious (5).
2. Indian city in vague outline (7).
3. Business running without capital (8).
4. Food is an incentive (4).
5. Toy for play (10).
6. A hooligan has the old man in pain (6).
7. Also mount climbing slowly (7).
8. Preserve mother and son enveloped by the sea (9).
13. Town which makes a girl stand for a change (10).
14. Provinces for which aspirates are required (9).
16. This plant knew the air (8).
18. Stone fixed in place in the order of duty (7).
20. Arthur's mother that is holding the corn (7).
21. Terror of the king in battle (6).
24. Take the wind out of an artist? (5).
25. I study the figure (4).

SET-SQUARE

Solution to No. 214



PRIZEWINNERS TO No. 214

S. A. Wilk (Haifa), J. K. Best (Birmingham, 29), G. W. Thompson (Newcastle on Tyne, 12)

APPOINTMENTS VACANT

LONDON County Council—New school in Shoreditch. Headmaster or headmistress required to take up duty January, 1957, if possible, in Secondary School for about 560 boys and girls offering general courses and courses in art, commerce and technical subjects for pupils entering 11- and 13-, some leading to G.C.E. (ordinary level), to be established in premises of two existing schools, viz., Shoreditch School, Hoxton Street, N.1, and Chartsey School, Wenlock Road, N.1, which are to be closed. Later (probably 1959), school to be transferred to new building providing 1,500 places and will offer wide variety of courses for pupils aged 11 to 18-. Burnham Group 22 calculated in accordance with new Burnham Proposals. Apply on form EO/TS10(S/C) (form TS10B for candidates who have completed form TS10 since August, 1955, and have nothing to alter) obtainable with further particulars, from the The Education Officer EO/TS10, County Hall, Westminster Bridge, S.E.1. Closing date September 28, 1956. Crown Woods School, Avery Hill, Eltham, S.E.9. Headmaster or headmistress required for this new secondary school for 2,000 boys and girls expected to open in January, 1958, probably to take up duty for preliminary planning January, 1957, if possible. Head teacher allowance under new Burnham proposals expected to be approximately £1,215 (headmaster) or £1,129 (headmistress), making total salary, including other appropriate Burnham allowances (and including two-sevenths equal pay additions) about £2,338 (headmaster) or £2,098 (headmistress). School will offer wide variety of studies, academic and practical, some leading to G.C.E. (all levels). Ample provision for studies in building, commerce and horticulture. There will be deputy headmaster or headmistress with substantial allowance, provision for other posts of special responsibility and full-time senior administrative officer with secretarial staff. Person of high academic qualifications, organising ability, wide experience and strong interest in whole field secondary education is sought. Apply on form EO/TS10 (Crown) (form TS10B for candidates who have completed form TS10 since August, 1955, and have nothing to alter) obtainable, with further particulars, from the Education Officer (EO/TS10), The County Hall, Westminster Bridge, S.E.1. Closing date September 28, 1956.

AUSTRALIA—University of Sydney—Applications are invited for the position of Lecturer/Senior Lecturer in English. The salary for a Lecturer will be in the range £A1,200—£A80—£A1,750 per annum for a Senior Lecturer, £A1,800—£A70—£A2,150 per annum. In each case cost of living adjustment will be allowed (£A52 men, £A39 women). The salary is subject to deductions under the State Superannuation Act. Commencing salary will be fixed according to the qualifications and experience of the successful applicant. Finance available for home purchase to married male members of staff. Further particulars and information as to the method of application may be obained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, W.C.1. The closing date for the receipt of applications, in Australia and London, is October 22, 1956.

VICTORIA University College, Wellington, New Zealand. The Council of Victoria University College proposes shortly to appoint a Lecturer in Classics, and invites applications from suitably qualified persons. The salary will be £985 per annum. The initial salary will be determined according to the qualifications and experience of the appointee. An allowance is made towards travelling expenses. Further particulars and information as to the method of application may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, W.C.1. The closing date for the receipt of applications, in New Zealand and London, is November 15, 1956.

APPLICATIONS are invited for the post of Head of Dartington Hall School. Post vacant Autumn, 1957. Starting salary £1,500-£2,000 p.a., according to experience, with house, etc.—For further particulars apply to the Secretary, Dartington Hall Trustees, Central Offices, Totnes, Devon.

BUCKINGHAMSHIRE Education Committee. Appointment of Psychiatric Social Worker. Applications are invited for the post of a second Psychiatric Social Worker to the Slough Child Guidance team. A part-time worker would be considered. (Psychiatrist in charge—Dr. Mildred Pott.) Applicants should hold a Mental Health Certificate. The salary will be in accordance with the Whitley Council Scale for Health Services (Great Britain) for Psychiatric Social Workers. The post is superannuable. Further particulars and forms of application can be obtained from the Principal School Medical Officer, County Offices, Aylesbury, Bucks.

SECRETARIAL Assistant required for Faculty Boards of English and of Divinity, Cambridge University. Sh/typ., simple accounts; arts graduate with sec. training preferred. Responsible post, excellent conditions and salary. Apply immediately with full details, to J. Holloway, M.A., Queens College, Cambridge.

SEC.-Shorthand-Typist, legal exp. fast speeds, for principal small busy office. Age 27-39 pref. Sal. £9 10s. approx. Write at once w. quals., Neave, 231 Strand, W.C.2.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

B.B.C. requires Talks Producer in Belfast with principal responsibility in field of current affairs. Duties include preparation and presentation of talks and talks features. Ability to conduct interviews at microphone, good education and capacity to work quickly and efficiently under pressure essential. First-hand knowledge of Northern Ireland an advantage. Salary £975 (possibly higher if qualifications exceptional) rising by five annual increments to £1,280 per annum maximum. Requests for application forms (enclosing addressed envelope and quoting reference "2059 N. Stm.") should reach Appointments Officer, B.B.C., Broadcasting House, London, W.1, within five days.

CITY and County of Bristol. Department of Public Health. Applications invited for post of V.D. Social Worker (male). Salary in accordance with A.P.T. Grade II, £595 × £20(4)—£675 per annum. Applicants with experience in social work must hold Diploma in Social Science. Duties include attendance at Venereal Disease Clinics, sociological work amongst male patients and such other social work as may be required from time to time by the Medical Officer of Health. Post superannuable and subject to passing medical examination. Application forms from, and returnable by October 6, 1956, to R. C. Wofinden, Medical Officer of Health, Central Health Clinic, G.P.O. Box No. 201, Tower Hill, Bristol, 2.

NOTTINGHAMSHIRE County Council. Children's Committee. Appointment of Child Care Officer (Female). Applications invited for appointment of Child Care Officer (female) at the Worksop Area Office, offering experience in all aspects of child care field work. A Home Office Child Care Certificate and/or Social Science Diploma and interest in preventive work desirable. Salary within the range £530 to £675 per annum (A. P. T. Grades I and II) according to qualifications and experience. Application forms and further particulars obtainable from Children's Officer, Shire Hall, Nottingham. A. R. Davis, Clerk of the County Council.

THE National Council of Social Service invites applications for man or woman to take charge of its headquarters Youth Department and to act as Secretary of the Standing Conference of National Voluntary Youth Organisations. Administrative ability and knowledge of youth work essential; travelling; public speaking. Starting salary from £800 p.a. according to experience and qualifications. Superannuation scheme. Applications, with three testimonials, to Secretary, 26 Bedford Square, W.C.1, by September 28.

PSYCHIATRIC Social Worker required by London County Council for new post at two approved schools. Duties will mainly involve visiting pupils' homes in London. Candidates should hold Mental Health Certificate or P.S.W. Certificate. Whitley salary £495-£750, plus London Weighting of £30 if over 25 (£20 for younger staff). Annual holiday 4 weeks, plus 6 additional days. Application forms from Medical Officer (PH/D.1/1698), The County Hall, London, S.E.1, returnable by October 6, 1956.

LONDON County Council requires assistant home help organiser for duty in the first instance in South Hackney. Energy and ability to manage staff required. Experience in running a domestic help or similar social service desirable. Salary £493 10s.—£35 5s. —£634 10s. commencing according to qualifications and experience. Pensionable post. Application form and details from Divisional Medical Officer, Division 4, Drysdale St., N.1. Closing date Sept. 24, 1956. (1734)

THE Hertfordshire & Buckinghamshire Association of Mixed Clubs and Girls' Clubs requires a part-time Field Officer, with own car, to work with their youth clubs in Buckinghamshire. Club visiting and training. 5 sessions per week. Salary £200 per annum plus expenses. Apply to Miss Garling, 30 Devonshire Street, London, W.1.

LIBRARIAN, woman, graduate or equivalent desirable, required for special library (the post not having been filled as a result of recent advertisement), in progressive firm of petroleum, gas, and chemical engineers. The library is the intelligence centre for information in all fields of engineering and chemistry, and in matters of trade, economics, travel, etc. It is a member of ASLIB. Salary and pension scheme details on application. Applications to the Secretary, Whessoe Ltd., Darlington.

BRITISH Association of Consumers, now being established to test and compare goods and services, requires Director to start organisation, arrange tests, prepare publications and build membership. Living wage guaranteed 1 yr. Great opportunity, small security. Further particulars from Box 6902.

WE require an Account Executive to work on the Schweppes Account. The person, either male or female, should preferably have had no advertising experience whatever, but should be of suitable educational quality, have a feeling for contemporary life and—since the job of any Account Executive is a harassing one, a balanced personality. Starting salary good, and prospects even better. Write: Managing Director, Clifford Blexham & Partners, Ltd., Lion House, Red Lion Street, W.C.1.

SWITZERLAND! Mothers' helps & domestics required for attractive posts. Essential some knowl. French or German. Duma-Burnett, 8 Bleicherweg, Zurich.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

GUY'S Hospital. Applications are invited for the post of Electroencephalographic Recordist (Grade I for suitable applicant), duties to begin on October 22, 1956. Salary: Whitley Council scale according to qualifications and experience. Applications will be welcomed from graduates or from candidates who have passed an intermediate examination for a science degree. Membership of E.P.T.A. an advantage. Special training in E.E.G. techniques will be provided by the Hospital if necessary. Applications, stating age, qualifications and previous experience, accompanied by copies of two testimonials, should reach The Superintendent, Guy's Hospital, London, S.E.1, not later than October 1, 1956.

NATIONAL Institute for Research in Dairying (University of Reading). Assistant Experimental Officer (female) required as Personal Assistant to Head of Physiology Department. Degree in Biological Science or equivalent qualification, and good secretarial qualifications essential. Commencing salary according to age in scale, £455 (age 21)-£587 (age 26 or over on entry)-£755, with superannuation. Applications, with names of two referees, to reach Secretary of the Institute, Shinfield, Reading, within one week. Quote reference 56/9.

NORTHAMPTON Polytechnic, St. John Street, London, E.C.1. Secretary/Shorthand-Typist (unmarried) required for educational departments as soon as possible. Permanent: pensionable; generous holidays; School Certificate or equivalent. Good typing essential. Commencing salary £8 2s. at 25, £8 12s. at 26 or 27, £9 3s. at 28 or 29, £9 14s. at 30 or over. Scale rises eventually to £12 14s. Apply in writing to Secretary.

GERMAN/English sec./shorthand-typist for West End export firm. Good salary for right person. 'Phone HYD. 0721.

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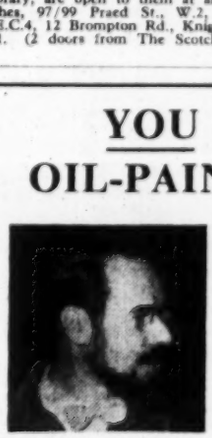

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LADY requires furnished room, Hampstead. Personal freedom essential. Box 7220.

AMERICAN college teacher and wife, landing Southampton Sept. 17, want small furnished flat near British Museum, Sept. 20 to Jan. 12. Box 7092.

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BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS

BOOKS, secondhand, posted. Write for lists. Silverdale, 47 Bank St., Glasgow.

DEUTSCHES Antiquariat. R. & E. Steiner, 64 Talgarth Rd. W.14. FUL. 7924.

"THE Far-sighted Militant," John Baird, M.P., in the September Labour Monthly. Also "War Hysteria & Second Thoughts," R. Palme Dutt; "The Suez Question," Quaestor; "Background to the Tory Squeeze," John Eaton; Marx Family Letters (continued); "Shaw & the Soviet," R. Page Arnot. 1s. 6d. all agents or 9s. half-yearly sub. from N.S., 134 Ballards Lane, London, N.3.

NEWS from Moscow! For the background news to the changes that have taken place in the U.S.S.R. see the two Soviet journals "News," a fortnightly review, 10s. a year. "Moscow News," twice weekly, 12s. a year. Collet's Bookshop, 45 Museum St., W.C.1.

GERMAN books in 7 rooms. Libris, 38a Boundary Rd., N.W.8. MAI. 3030.

BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS—continued

"WHAT is Wrong with the Trade Unions?"—G. D. H. Cole, 1s. 8d. p.f. Fabian Society, 11 Dartmouth St., S.W.1.

A TIMELY new pamphlet "The Middle East of Today and its Problems"—(being the Ramsay Muir Memorial Lecture delivered at Cambridge on August 5) by Sir A. Knox Helm, G.B.E., K.C.M.G., Minister to Israel, 1949-51, Ambassador to Turkey, 1951-54, Governor General of the Sudan, 1955. Copies available from Liberal Bookshop, 54 Victoria St., S.W.1. 6d., post free 8d.

"BALLET Education" & "Preparation for Ballet." The only text books in English on Russian method of teaching by N. N. Legat. Obtainable all bookshops and Legat School, Tunbridge Wells.

UNITARIANISM. What is it? Write Mrs. Dickin, 17a Hermitage St., Crewkerne, Somerset.

HEALTHY Childhood, by Jessie R. Thomson. Kindly guidance from infancy through school age. By post 8s. from Kingston Clinic, Edinburgh, 9.

MAN'S World now contains a 32-page Male Art Photography Supplement. 1s. 3d. monthly from all newsagents.

"FELLOWSHIP and Freedom," by Nehru; "Portrait of Mendes-France," by Ela Sen; "Present Position of the Indian Princes," by K. M. Panikkar; "Land of the Sheikha," exclusive illustrated feature about Qatar by Cyril Arapoff; all in "Envoy," Indo-British monthly, price 1s. from all newsagents or from 48 Strand, London, W.C.2.

PENGUIN to a library bought. Emphasis on Socialist bks./pamps. Van calls. Has anyone Borkenau's Communist Int'n'l? The Hammersmith Bkshop, Ltd., W.6. RIV. 6807.

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ENTERTAINMENTS

UNITY EUS. 5391. "Hold the Line" a Soviet Farce Fri. Sat. Sun. 7.45. Mems.

ARTS. Tem. 3334. Last wk., S. Sn. 5 & 8. The Young & Beautiful. Mems.

ROYAL Festival Hall. The exotic & fabulous Ram Gopal & his new Indian Dancers open Mon., Sept. 10, for two-week season. Complete change prog. second week. Evgs. 8. Mats. Weds., Sats. 2.30. WAT. 3191.

ENGLISH Opera Group. Scala Theatre, Sept. 26 to Oct. 6. World premiere of "Ruth" by Lennox Berkeley. Venus and Adonis, Savitri, Turn of the Screw, Façade. Speakers: Dame Edith Sitwell, Dame Sybil Thorndike, Peter Pears. Full details & tickets from Box Office (MUS. 5731).

"CHILDREN of Hiroshima." See this most impressive film. Thur., Sep. 20, at 8. Maida Vale Girls' High Schl., Elgin Av., W.9. Auspices: N. Paddington Labour Pty.

NATIONAL Film Theatre, South Bank. WAT. 3232. Sat., Sept. 15. Gary Cooper in "High Noon" (U). Dir.: Fred Zinnemann. 2, 4, 6, 8.15. Open to public.

ROXY Rep. Cin. BAY. 2345. Sept. 16, 6 days. Little Boy Lost U. Act of Love A.

EVERYMAN, HAM. 1525. Until Sept. 16: Laurence Olivier: "The Beggar's Opera" (U). Fr. Sep. 17: Renoir's "The River" (U).

LEWISHAM Film Soc. New season commences Sep. 29. Dets.: Sec., 130 Ravensbourne Av., Shortlands, Kent. RAV. 2461.

DANCE (public welcome) sponsored by All Nations Social Club and Gold Coast Cultural Society. Two Bands. Licensed bar. Buffet. Caxton Hall, Westminster. 7.30-11.45, Friday, Sept. 21. Honoured guests Seretse and Ruth Khama, Lionel Ngakana. Tickets 5s. single (9s. double) at door.

THE Continental Club, 3 Circus Rd., St. John's Wood, N.W.8. Dancing every Wednesday, Friday, Saturday & Sunday, 8 until 11.30 p.m. Interesting language practice evgs. every Tuesday & Thursday. Espresso coffee bar. Write, call or tel. PRI. 7479, evgs.

I.C.A., 17 Dover Street, W.1. Sat., Sept. 22, 8-11 p.m. At Home: Dancing to Norman Jackson's "Noveltones." Members 3s. Guests 5s.

LONDON Jewish Graduate Assoc. Hillel Aid C'tee. Dance at Porchester Hall, W.2. Sat., Sept. 22, 7.45-11.45. Tickets 7s. 6d.

INTERNATIONAL Friendship League Dance, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., Saturday, September 15. Tickets 4s.

LONDON greets Peking. Celebrate China's National Day with artistes from the Variety Theatre of China. Empire Rooms, Tottenham Court Rd., W.1. Sat. Sept. 29, 7.30-midnight. Entertainment & Buffet. Inclusive charge 6s. Book your table now from Britain-China Friendship Assocn., 228 Grays Inn Rd., W.C.1.

BAKER Street Jive Club, 15 Baker St., W.1. WEL. 7007. Skiffle & Jive. Sats., Suns., 8ish-1atish. This Sat.: Luton Riverside Skiffle Group; singer Marion Amiss; Alan Shaw's Sugarfoot Six.

EXHIBITIONS

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BRIGHTON Royal Pavilion. Regency Exhibition. The State and Private Apartments fully furnished. Original furniture from Buckingham Palace. Banqueting display of the Regimental Silver of the Royal Artillery. Open 10-8 daily incl. Sundays.

WELLCOME Historical Medical Museum, The Wellcome Building, Euston Road, N.W.1. Exhibitions Child Welfare Through the Ages: The Medicine of Aboriginal Peoples. Also: The Evolution of Measures for the Promotion of the Nation's Health. Mon-Friday 10-5. Adm. Free.

PROSPECT Gallery, 13 Duke St., St. James's, S.W.1. Recent paintings by Colin Moss. Aug. 29-Sept. 22.

IVEAGH Bequest, Kenwood. Soane Exhibition. Admission Free. Weekdays 10-6, Sundays 2.30-6. 210 bus from Archway or Golders Green Stns.

NATIONAL Exhibition of Children's Art. Paintings, craft work. Royal Institute Galleries, 195 Piccadilly, W.1. 10-8 until September 29. 1s. Children 6d. Organised by the Sunday Pictorial.

GALLERY One, 20 D'Arblay St., W.1. Three British romantics. 11-6 dly.

I.C.A. Gallery, 17 Dover St., W.1. Until Sept. 29. American Cartoons from the New Yorker. Original drawings by Charles Addams, Peter Arno, Mary Petty, Saul Steinberg, etc., Mon.-Fri. 10-6. Sat. 10-1. Not Suns.

CHILDREN Painted by Dutch Artists (1550-1820). Arts Council Exhibition. Royal Academy (Diploma Gallery). Open till Sept. 30, week-days 10-6 (Tues. & Thurs. 10-8), Sun. 2-6. Admission 1s. 6d.

JEAN-François Millet. Exhibition of drawings. Arts Council Gallery, 4 St. James's Square, S.W.1. Closes Sept. 15. Fri., Sat., 10-6. Admission 1s.

THIS is Tomorrow—integration of the arts. Whitechapel Art Gallery. Last two days. Today (Friday) and Saturday, 11-6. Adm. free. Adjoins Aldgate East Stn.

EXHIBITIONS—continued

LEICESTER Galleries, Leicester Sq. Part 11: Artists of Fame and Promise. 10-5.30. Sats. 10-1. Until Sept. 22.

LEFEVRE Gallery, 30 Bruton Street, W.1. French and British Paintings. Daily 10-5.30. Sats. 10-1.

CORSHAM Court, Nr. Bath. Open every day except Mondays. Elizabethan: Georgian interior. Adam and Chippendale furniture; famous Methuen Collection Old Masters. 11-12.30, 2-6, 2s. 6d.

REDFERN Gallery, 20 Cork Street, W.1. New Paintings by Eric Atkinson; Extension of Summer Exhibition 1956. Hours 10-6. Sat. 10-1. Closes Sept. 29.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

HARROW W.E.A. Public Mtg., Sat., Sept. 22, 7.30. "Any Questions?" Vera Brittain, Henry Fairlie, Benn Levy, Michael Scott. Victoria Hall, Station Rd., Harrow. Free.

THE Linguists' Club, Niddry Lodge, Campden Hill Road, W.8, at 6 p.m. on September 22. Dr. Hans Lechleitner: "Vier Monate in England."

SHAW Society: Mrs. Warren's Profession Today, by Jean Graham Hall; Sept. 21, 7 p.m., 7 Albemarle St., W.1. Non-mems. 2s.

"POST-Stalinist Marxism"—A public discussion, Emile Burns & Tony Turner. I.S.S.S. mtg. Sept. 20, 7 p.m. Caxton Hall.

SCHOPENHAUER Society, Caxton Hall, 7.45 p.m., Thurs., September 20. "Schopenhauer's Views on Honour." Adm. free.

CENTRAL London Fabian Society. Wed., Sept. 19, 7.30. "Equality." Roy Jenkins, M.P., 57 Dean St., W.1. Vis. 2s.

"SPIRITUAL Healing", talk by Harry Edwards. Mon. Sept. 17, 7.30 Caxton Hall S.W.1. 2s. London Natural Health Soc.

"YOUR Stake in Suez." Public Meeting, Sun., Sept. 16, 7.30, Denison House, 296 Vauxhall Bdg. Rd. (near Victoria). Socialist Party of Great Britain. Speaker: E. Wilmott. Free. Questions & Discussion.

"THE Development of German Music." The Anglo-German Association has arranged a series of six lectures on German Music, illustrated with gramophone records. The first of these will be given by Mr. Jeremy Noble, Author & Critic, on "Bach and his Predecessors," at 16 Queensberry Place, S.W.7 (close to South Kensington Station), on Wed., September 19, at 7.30 p.m. Tickets: Members 3s., Non-Members 3s. 6d. including light refreshments.

HECTOR HAWTON, "The Catholic Revival," Sept. 16, 1956, 11 a.m., Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1. Adm. free. Free copy "Monthly Record" on request.

PACIFIST Universalist Service. 3.30, Sunday, Sept. 16, King's Weigh House Church, Binney St., W.1. Nr. Bond Street Station. Discourse: J. W. V. Nicholson, B.A., "Vengeance is Mine."

PUSHKIN Club, 24 Kensington Pk. Gdns., W.11. Re-opening, Fri., Sept. 14, 8 p.m. L. Metcalf (Ch. Engineer Nat. Coal Board): "Russia Revisited." Russian conversation 6.30 p.m. Fri., Sept. 21, Rev. V. Krivoshein, "Russian Church Delegation to Moscow."

I.C.A., 17 Dover St., W.1. Thurs., Sep. 20, at 8.15. Literature: Colin Wilson: The Future of Writing. Mems. 1s. 6d. Guts. 3s.

NO War Over Suez! Mass Rally, Trafalgar Square, Sunday, Sept. 16, 3 p.m. National Speakers. Rallying points for marches to Square: 2 p.m. at Hyde Park (Marble Arch), Waterloo (Arches by tube Stn., Air Terminal entrance), Mornington Crescent (Tube Stn.). Bring your friends! Financial help needed! Please send to: Suez Emergency Committee, 374 Grays Inn Road, W.C.1. No War Over Suez!

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LECTURE COURSES, ETC.—continued

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LECTURE COURSES, ETC.—continued

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